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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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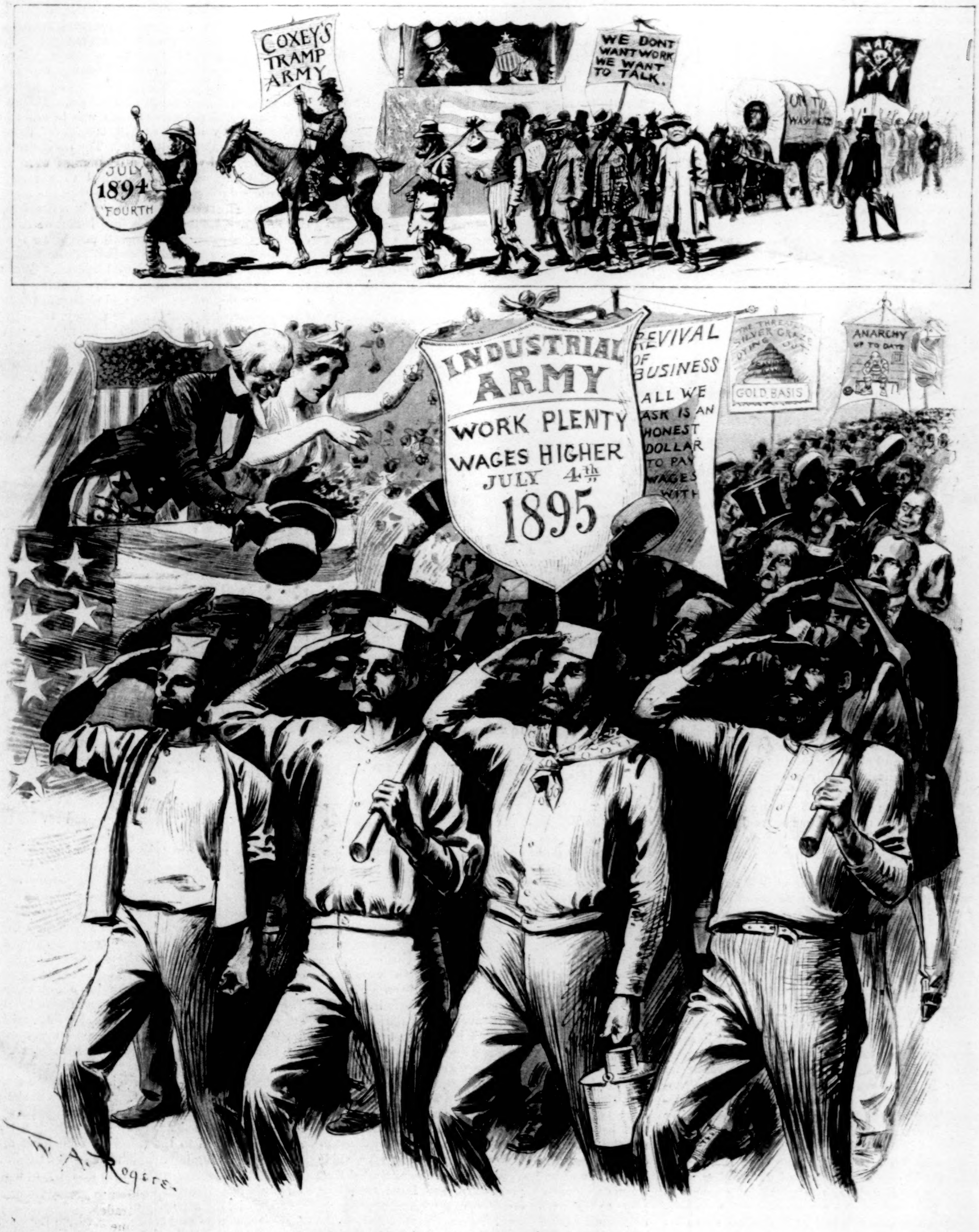
JULY
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TO PAY
WAGES
WITH
THE THREAT
SILVER CRAZE
DYING OUT
GOLD BASIS
ANARCHY
UP TO DATE
W. A. Rogers.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

New York City, July 6, 1895.

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CONTENTS, NO. 2011.

Cartoon. A Glorious Fourth. W. A. Rogers.
Editorials.
Cornell University." Illustrated. John Dewitt Warner.
Adventures of American Army and Navy Officers. Wounded in an Indian Fight. Illustrated. Brevet Brigadier-General Guy V. Henry, U.S.A.
Life and Letters. W. D. Howells.
"Hands to Bathe!" Illustrated. R. F. Zogbaum.
Opening of the Kiel Canal. Illustrated.
A Summer Night on the Asphalt. Ill'd. Barnet Phillips.
The Singular Adventure of Major Thorne. J. K. Bangs.
The Song of Silver. Poem. Joel Benton.
The Loss of the "Essex." Illustrated. James Barnes.
Rhodes's "History of the United States." Frederic Bancroft.
My Independence Day. Poem. H. G. Paine.
Coaching from Buffalo to Niagara Falls. Ill'd. W. C. Nichols.
The French in Madagascar. Illustrated. Felix Aucaigne.
The Regular Army. James Davis.
This Busy World. E. S. Martin.
The Launching of the "Defender." Illustrated.
Amateur Sport. Tennis Tournament, Harvard-Yale Boat-Race, etc. Ill'd. Caspar W. Whitney.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

ON the occasion of the great festivities at the opening of the Baltic Canal in Germany the old saying has been revived that such international love-feasts are usually followed by sanguinary conflicts. This has, indeed, in some instances been the case; but there is no more reason for such a belief now than there was at the time when representative war-ships of all nations met in the harbor of New York for the Columbian celebration. The meeting of the armored fleets at Kiel was called by the Emperor of Germany in his speech at the banquet in the city hall of Hamburg "a symbol of peace." This expression was by no means intended as a jest, for he added, in the most earnest and emphatic accents: "The nations of Europe need and demand peace. The commerce of the world can expand only in peace. Only in peace can it prosper, and that peace we will and shall maintain." Such words coming from the lips of a young monarch who seems to delight in nothing so much as in military exercises and displays, might easily be taken as a polite form of speech gotten up for the occasion to please his guests. But those who know the Emperor's character will agree that in making these pacific declarations he was absolutely sincere and meant exactly what he said. He is by no means the first HOHENZOLLERN who seemed to devote his life to the perfection of the machinery of war and yet was an earnest friend and promoter of peace. This may be said even of Emperor WILLIAM I. He would never of his own motion have undertaken the war against Austria in 1866 and that against France in 1870. It was BISMARCK'S energetic impulse that made him take the field.

Nor should the pacific proclamation of Emperor WILLIAM II. be taken as the mere individual utterance of a ruler who may be easily overruled by adverse influences or circumstances. When he says "we will and shall maintain peace," we must not forget that it is largely within his power to make true those words. In point of fact, the temper of the German Empire is logically and naturally pacific. It has no ambition beyond its present boundaries, except, perhaps, on the colonial field, which, however, is a matter of secondary interest. It has nothing to gain by war—neither ambitions to gratify nor injuries to avenge. All its interests centre in the peaceable maintenance of the *status quo*. That this *status quo* does not satisfy everybody else is true enough. The hysterical conduct of the French on the occasion of the Kiel festival has exhibited once more the soreness of feeling still existing among them. But it has proved at the same time that this soreness is very far from threatening hostile action in the near future. While the French made everybody understand that they were very unwilling to take part in anything redounding to the glorification of Germany, yet they did it. The truth is that the *revanche* party in France—that is, the party that would proceed to war for the purpose of avenging the defeats suffered in the German war and of regaining Alsace-Lorraine—is by no means as strong in numbers as in the noise it creates. By the popular cry it raises on all possible occasions it succeeds sometimes in overawing men of more sober ways of thinking. But it is not powerful enough to push those who bear the responsibility for the conduct of public affairs into reckless action, and thus it is usually noticed that French diplomacy becomes cautious and conciliatory whenever matters of difference arrive at a critical point.

This tendency has not been changed by what is commonly called the Franco-Russian alliance, which, in spite of whatever may have been said about it, is by no means a formal offensive and defensive treaty of alliance put down in black and white, but a mere unwritten understanding to the effect that in case of a German attack on France, Russia is to send an army to the German frontier, and in case of a German attack on Russia, France is to render Russia a like service. The only result of this understanding has been so far that on various occasions there have been noisy demonstrations of mutual good-will, and that Russia with her chronic impecuniosity has made very dexterous and very ample use of the opportunities for borrowing money, which the French in their spasms of philo-Russian enthusiasm were willing to lend her. A recent instance of Russian management is the Chinese loan, which Russia guarantees for the purpose of fastening the grip of her influence upon China, while the money is to come from France. But if the French should ever proceed upon the assumption that Russia would help them in an aggressive war of revenge upon Germany, they would soon discover that the policy of Russia is governed by interests far different from those in which France is concerned.

But if Russia were ever inclined to join France in a policy of adventure, she would certainly with exceeding care count the cost so long as the "Dreibund," the famous triple alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy, is in existence. It has frequently been predicted that this alliance could not last much longer because it imposed obligations of military armament upon its members which one of them, poor Italy, could not continue to bear. If rumor speaks truly, these obligations have been lightened somewhat; certainly the Italian government shows no signs of weakening fidelity to the compact. Thus the defensive alliance of the Dreibund, with its enormous continental strength, not only stands in undiminished vigor, but it has recently been re-enforced by two important events—the completion of the Baltic Canal, which, aside from its commercial advantages, by the increased naval facilities it affords very materially augments the defensive efficiency of the German war fleet, and the return to power in England of Lord SALISBURY, in whom the Dreibund has always had a friend. With the Dreibund standing guard over the peace of Europe—for it is essentially formed for the purpose of maintaining peace—and with England in the background favoring that alliance, it would seem that the danger of disturbance from that quarter from which it is most commonly apprehended, the Franco-Russian, is by no means great.

What mischief may be concealed in the clouds which occasionally rise from the Oriental caldron, the Turkish dominions, it is more difficult to guess. Occurrences in those regions belong more or less to the chapter of accident and surprise. But it may, on the whole, be taken as probable that the very magnitude and costliness of existing armaments, and the prospects of their mutual destructiveness, will have rather a deterring than an encouraging effect as to using them.

THE CHANGES OF A YEAR.

THIS Fourth-of-July season is a much happier one than that of a year ago. It is true that the country is not yet out of the difficulties caused by the currency agitation and the Treasury deficit. Congress has done nothing to relieve the situation in answer to the earnest appeals that a year ago were being addressed to it by every business community and nearly every business man in the land. The Treasury is still at the mercy of the holders of government paper, and is protected only by the intelligent courage of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration. But, notwithstanding the cowardice, indifference, and ignorance of the men who controlled the last Congress, there has been a change for the better in our commercial and industrial conditions. And this recovery from the evils that were threatening not only the property of every thrifty citizen, but the peace and order of the Union, is due to a restoration of hope and confidence. The spirits of the nation have revived, and the people, stimulated and encouraged by a few good signs, have begun to think that the worst is passed and that better times are sure to come. Whether or not the hope will be realized is still largely dependent on the politicians of Congress, but, after their habit, American business men have concluded that they can compel prosperity, and have therefore gone to work with courage, and with almost immediate success.

A year ago the country seemed to be on the brink of a great social and political disaster, and there were those who believed that anarchy was about to be found as pestilent and dangerous here as it is in Europe. Discontent, complaints, threatenings, socialistic disease, and open revolts against the law marked the weeks that preceded and followed the republic's birthday. COXEY'S army of tramps had marched to the very doors of the Capitol at Washington. The communists of monopoly and protection had invaded the Senate-Chamber and purchased bounties for the Sugar Trust in a tariff bill that was far from fulfilling the promises of the party that controlled both the executive and legislative departments of the government. On the Fourth of July this travesty of reform was about to be referred to a conference which was to disappoint the country by permitting the tainted sugar schedule to become a law; DEBS had just begun his famous sympathetic strike against the Pullman Company, which for weeks to come was to tie up the railroads, to stop the mails, to interfere with inter-State commerce, to light the fires of incendiarism, to breed crime and murder, to transform Chicago into a military camp.

When the 1st of July came, a year ago, the apparent deficit in the Federal Treasury was found to be $70,000,000. The government's available cash was not equal to its obligations. Before the year was ended the government was to add to the public debt by a sale of $100,000,000 of five-per-cent. bonds under an old law. The revenues were falling off, and while some economies were practised, the expenditures continued to exceed the government's income, and there was no hope of speedy relief. Congress obstinately refused to aid the Treasury, as the year before it had obstinately delayed the passage of the bill providing for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act. The outlook was dismal indeed. We had stupidity and ignorance in the law-making branch of the government, anarchy and rioting at Chicago, outcries for more and cheaper money, triumphant Populism, business depression, diligent and vociferous tramps, and idle and complaining working-men.

The contrast of this Fourth with the picture of that is cheering. Congress remained incompetent and ignorant to the end, but the executive department of the government has exerted its powers under the law, and, although at great expense and with much national humiliation, it has given the needed assurance that the gold standard will be maintained. It might have been possible to accomplish this end at smaller cost, but the end has been accomplished, and the gold reserve of the Treasury has been restored. No matter what may have been the deficit at the end of the last fiscal year, there is cash in the Treasury to meet it, and again we have the promise, now so likely to be fulfilled that few doubt it, that in a few months the government's revenues will be more than sufficient to meet its expenditures. But this is not the greatest good that has been achieved through the efforts of the administration to meet the currency difficulty. Confidence has been restored at home and abroad. The American securities that a few months ago were coming home for redemption are once more being purchased in Europe. Whether for good or ill, prices have advanced. Commerce and trade have revived. The factories are running on full time. Wages have gone up. The grumblings of discontent are less audible. Law is triumphant. The army of tramps that marched on Washington was scattered by a magistrate and a few policemen. The soldiers put an end to the rioting in Chicago, and DEBS is serving a term in prison for contempt of court.

There is no more talk or fear of anarchy. It has fled before approaching prosperity. Whether the prosperity is seeming and temporary or real and permanent depends upon those who have it in their power to sustain or disappoint the hopes of the country. It is certain that this year's Fourth of July is different from last year's, because there is no imminent danger of the triumph of fiat money or silver monometallism. The underlying conditions of our financial system have not changed. The Treasury gold is still at the mercy of the holders of government notes. The Secretary of the Treasury is as powerless as when he was forced to sell high-priced bonds to maintain his reserve. The same tariff law exists to-day as then, except as the Populistic income-tax provision has been wiped out by the Supreme Court. The crops of the year are not yet harvested. It would be difficult to find a material and substantial reason—such a reason as would appeal to the mind of a business man—for the springing hope which has stirred the drowsy air of the business world into activity and freshened all the channels of trade.

There is, indeed, only one explanation, and that is, that the hope and confidence which have loaded ships and opened factories and stimulated buying are due to the growing belief that the currency question is about to be settled by the defeat of the free-coinage movement. The change in this situation is all that is new in the conditions of this year. Mr. Cleveland has made it certain that no free-coinage laws will be enacted for two years to come, and the whole business and industrial community is taking advantage of the opportunity, as far as is consistent with the fact that there is still a chance that at the end of two years all the good work may be overturned. When the railroads enter the iron market as purchasers of new rails and new equipments we shall have the sign that many are looking for—the sign that the most careful and prudent managers of capital are convinced that prosperity has really returned for a long stay, and that the money heresy is at rest. Day after day the evidences of changing public sentiment on the currency issue are growing stronger. What has already happened is an effective object-lesson of the good that must result when the silver-mine owners and the Populists are finally disposed of.

Will the politicians learn this lesson as the business men have learned it, or will they compel the country to spend the Fourth of July, 1896, in preparation for a Presidential campaign involving the money question—a campaign that will surely check for a time the prosperity we are now enjoying, if it does not work greater evils?

A QUESTION OF ART.

A number of excellent people, some of them of sound judgment, are debating as to whether art ought always to be moral. Just at present this discussion turns upon certain works of fiction, poetry, and pictorial art that abound especially in England, and that are highly thought of, or at least much talked about, by a certain kind of people on this side of the water.

Mr. Harry Quilter has had his say about the neurotic victims in an article on "The Gospel of Intensity," which is published in the June number of the *Contemporary Review*, and it is a wholesome and manly word, as was to have been expected from that accomplished writer. It may be that we are wrong, and somewhat behind the times, in holding the belief that the discussion of this subject is out of proportion to the evil itself, so far as this country is concerned. Probably there are American writers whose atmosphere is made up of smoke from the cigarettes of *fin de siècle* women, but we do not know them. We do know, on the contrary, that the best-known of our writers present wholesome views of life, and we do not believe that their readers want anything else from them.

It is doubtless true that a good many Americans who demand decency from the authors of their own country are not unwilling to help the circulation of questionable literature or art when it comes from Europe. One of the first of our American dramatists has said that a New York theatre audience which will witness with delight a foreign play whose subject is base and sensual would hiss from the stage a similar play written by an American. This is an idiosyncrasy of our native mind. Perhaps it shows that while the American has conscientious scruples against the treatment of a certain side of life in the drama, he is willing that foreigners shall offend in his presence. As for himself, he is like most other philosophers, who regard themselves as safe against Satanic wiles, however keenly they may find themselves enjoying the pleasures of sin, and no matter how clearly they may realize the danger of such wiles to the rest of the community.

Taking everything into consideration, however, and especially the capacity of our fashionable society for imitating the worst side of European life, we are inclined to think that this American following of the meretricious art of Europe is largely confined to young men of artistic talent and ambitions, who long to be some day as vile as any English or French degenerate has ever been. And therefore, as our art is threatened, even so remotely, it is time, perhaps, to express a conviction concerning American art and a hope for its future.

The abnormal, sensual, depraved art and literature of Europe is not new in its brutal essence. It has existed as long as art and letters. There never was a time when the republic of letters did not possess its criminal class, men and women who offend against all the laws of beauty and purity, and therefore against the supreme law of art. It seems that in England, at all events, these criminals have at last got into good society, and they are pouring their filth into ears that were made to listen to better things. There was a long period in the history of English letters when those who presented the moral slums in their books or pictures worked frankly for the depraved. The evil thing of which Mr. Quilter and those who agree with him complain is that the veil is withdrawn, and that the artist and society insist that any life is worthy of presentation in a work of art, and that art must not only deal with the truth, but with all truth.

Art has no such function. Art may offend less when it preaches or tells a story or is literary, than when it tells in books the truth that men and women do not talk about with one another, or when it presents life and discusses subjects that are hideous, revolting, and fleshly. There is no more corrupt and corrupting thing in this world than a story of depravity told simply because it presents a phase of life that really exists. When a book with such a story goes into a pure household where there are young and innocent girls its author commits a crime against that which is loveliest and best in all the world, and he earns the contempt and anger of all good men and women. The subjects of art should be beautiful and elevating. We want nature and truth, but we do not want nature in its meaner and baser moods, nor truth which is a proper object of police surveillance, unless, indeed, the sodden truth is painted as the black shadow of an otherwise beautiful picture.

All this is old-fashioned, but we hope that it is and that it will remain American. In the elder day men painted their conceptions of divinity. Is it best for us to put in the place of the old ideals the ugliest, most noisome, most beastly realism that we can find by diligent search in the slums? Life to-day presents to the writer and painter more beautiful and more ennobling subjects than the old masters were capable of dreaming. Why go around the corner to escape the beauty of the quickening sunlight and to hide away in cold shadows? And why dignify the artists of the slums by discussing them?

A TAMMANY REMINDER.

Among the commendable enactments of the recent session of the General Assembly of New York was an act legislating out of existence the Tammany police justices of New York city, and replacing them by qualified and reputable magistrates to be appointed by the Mayor. This act was to go into effect on the 1st of July, and a startling illustration of the kind of men who had been chosen for the police bench under Tammany rule, and of the kind of justice which they dispensed, was furnished during the last week of their official existence by the celebrated Callahan case.

Callahan is a saloon keeper, an ex-Assemblyman, and a notorious and persistent violator of the excise law and of other laws of the State. It is his boast that his saloon has never been closed either at night or on Sunday, as the law requires, since it was opened some twelve years ago. It was open as usual on Sunday, June 23d, and doing a thriving business, when a policeman named Burke entered it and attempted to enforce the law by arresting the barkeeper. For this he was set upon and brutally assaulted by Callahan, who was in the room at the time gathering in the profits of his nefarious trade, and it was only after a hard struggle that he succeeded in effecting an arrest. With assistance he brought Callahan to the Tombs, where he was promptly bailed.

When the case was called in the Tombs police court on Monday morning the court-room was crowded with the friends and political retainers of the law-breaking statesman. An attempt was made by them to confuse and intimidate the prosecuting witness. Threats were freely uttered as to the consequences that would follow if he pressed the case, and all the old tactics of bulldozing were resorted to which had formerly made it a dangerous proceeding for any one to attempt to enforce the law against a criminal with a "pull." Both the justice who was to pass on the case and his clerk made themselves the accomplices of the criminal by putting obstructions in the way of the prosecution. There was only one circumstance which prevented a repetition of the farcical proceedings which had saved Callahan in his previous offences.

This was the fact that a change had come over New York. Tammany no longer rules; the spell of the "pull" is broken; a reform government is in charge of municipal affairs; the Police Department is under the control of honest Police Commissioners; the old system of corruption entrenched in office no longer exists to terrorize and intimidate honest citizens in the old way. On the contrary, corruption must now stand up before the bar and answer for its offences.

This is a great and important change. In all great cities the police courts are those which are nearest to the great body of the people. They have the disposal of the greatest number of cases, involving the plain and fundamental right of the people to protection from injustice in the ordinary transactions and interests of their daily lives. The Callahan case was not an exceptional one. It was an illustration of that perversion of justice which has been the rule under Tammany, and which must be the rule in all great cities which submit to the Tammany idea of managing politics and filling offices.

BRITISH POLITICS.

Lord Rosebery's government has at last come to an end, and it is succeeded by one of which the Marquis of Salisbury is the head.

This change of administration differs from nearly all changes that have gone before. It is not a definite transfer of power from a party that finds itself in a minority in the Commons to a party that through a vote on a vital issue finds itself in the majority. The Conservatives and Unionists have come into power, but they are far from being in a majority, and it is also far from certain that they will have a majority in the next House of Commons, although it is probable that they will have a larger vote than the Liberals, and that therefore Salisbury will continue to be Premier of Great Britain.

The change, assuming that the defeat of Lord Rosebery is ratified by the constituencies at the coming general election, will be in the men with whom the various groups will be obliged to confer. The British Parliament is now divided into groups. Possibly a majority of the members of the present House of Commons believe that the House of Lords ought to be mended. A few believe that it should be done away with altogether. This feeling against the upper chamber as it is now constituted is growing, and the time is surely coming when the House of Lords will not be the absurd remnant of hereditary rule that it is now. The sentiment of the people of Great Britain has not changed on this subject, nor will it change if Salisbury remains Premier after the election, nor will there be any check to the growing democracy of the empire. The strength of the party for home-rule for Ireland is likely to be reduced in the English and Scotch constituencies, largely because the Irish cannot agree among themselves. But the movement for Welsh disestablishment may be no weaker in the new House than it is in this, while the Tories are quite capable of making much larger concessions to the labor party than the Liberals were willing to make.

All these groups, through their leaders, will deal with Salisbury instead of Rosebery, and may find Balfour a more pliant leader of the Commons than Harcourt has been. The groups, at all events, are likely to command the situation, and if they assent to a Salisbury government it is probable that the Conservative administration will have as much difficulty in holding them together as Lord Rosebery and Harcourt have had. What we are likely to see for some years to come, and until another commanding figure like Gladstone appears as a Liberal leader, are short Parliaments of small men, the remnants of the great parties vying with one another in concessions to the groups. Possibly that may advance Great Britain on its road towards democracy, but that such an advance will be to the injury of good government is something to be dreaded by all who have a proper regard for the fine influence of the wise features of English administration. That influence has been of the most vitalizing character, while the maintenance of the splendid traditions of English justice has been the strongest defence of republican institutions against the assaults of communistic lawlessness. While the advance towards democracy throughout the empire is inevitable, all countries whose governments are kindred to this limited constitutional monarchy, in which the law is the sacred majesty, are interested in seeing that advance move with the slow dignity with which in all the history of England freedom has slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent.

A SESSION OF BACTERIOLOGISTS.—OUR SOURCES OF DRINKING-WATER.

At the Academy of Medicine in New York an important session has been held, attended by the most distinguished of our bacteriologists. The matter under discussion was to indicate the standard types of bacteria, methods of cultivation, and to interpret effects.

The bibliography of the subject wants sorting and sifting. Then standard forms might be emphasized, and the study of variations become more possible. It is apparent that we have, as was natural, looked more to the destruction of the bacilli than their first production. It is evident, however, that the first stage is the equally important one, for could we check nascent growth, then the ideal of the sanitarian would come about—that is, then there would be no germs of disease.

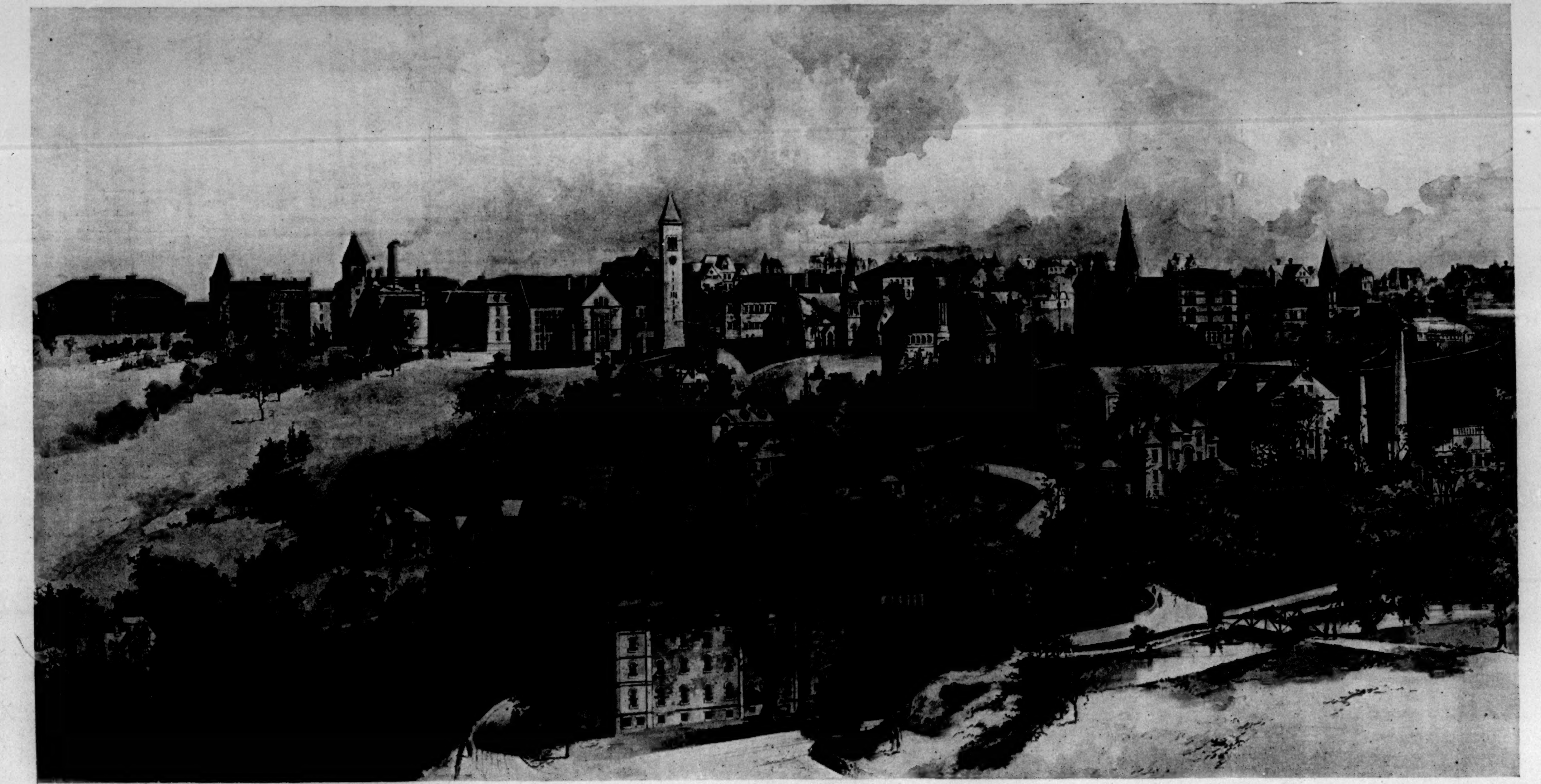
As to the physical appearance of the microbes under the microscope, very much more has to be learned. According to Professor Adami of Montreal, between what are malignant and beneficent germs there are the strongest family likenesses. The microscopist's lens has its value, but the other test of media must be employed. In one kind of media certain bacteria will live and flourish, and in another die. Here probably may be found the key which in the time to come will unlock the secret why it is that the introduction of the attenuated cultured bacilli becomes preservative of life. On this most important subject, as to the reasons for it, bacteriologists cannot as yet give any satisfactory explanation. And for that want of certainty the world hesitates to accept what are positively the cures or preventives of disease.

Ignorance of the complexities of a subject might be excused, but wilful disregard of the commonest laws of health is criminal. Within the last month typhoid fever was rife in Evansville, Indiana, a city with over 50,000 inhabitants. The disease began to show itself in January, February, March, but not in any marked way. There were nine deaths of typhoid in the three months. In April there were 176 cases, with twenty-three deaths. In May, thirty-one deaths. The reason was simple. The water used for drinking purposes was taken at a point on the Ohio River near the outlet of the main sewers.

How instantly the cause of the infection, an abundance of typhoidal bacilli, could be removed was shown by the effects of certain lucky rain-storms. The downpour flushed the sewers, made some slight rise in the Ohio in June, and then the germs of death were carried beyond the intake of the water-pipes. From eighty-seven cases of typhoid in the first week of June just before the rains, after them there were forty-two cases.

The members of the health board of Evansville possibly congratulated themselves on having got rid of their peculiar contagion. If they indulged in any expressions of thankfulness, they were perhaps unwittingly selfish, for what they did was only to pass on the typhoid bacilli to other places of habitation west or south of them in Illinois or Kentucky. It is this "shoving off" of your own impurities on somebody else which is the commonest and wickedest of the so-called hygienic processes of to-day.

Since the great majority of the zymotic diseases are due to the water we drink, it is in the direction of municipal sources of water that the attention of these bacteriologists was mainly directed.


Chemical Laboratory.
Physical Laboratory.
Morrill Hall.
Sibley College of Mechanic Arts.
McGraw Hall.
White Hall.
Library.
Civil Engineering and Architecture.
Law School.
Sage Chapel.
Department of Agriculture.
Barnes Hall, Y.M.C.A.
Observatory.
Sage College for Women.
Gymnasium.
Cascadilla Place.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY.—DRAWN BY KYES AND WOODBURY.—[SEE PAGE 628.]

ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS.

WOUNDED IN AN INDIAN FIGHT.

BY BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL GUY V. HENRY, U. S. A.

THE events which culminated in the Indian campaign of 1876, and subsequent battles of the Rosebud and Big Horn, the latter better known as Custer's massacre, are familiar matters of history, so that I shall confine myself to my personal experience at the former action. My purpose in doing so is to show to our people what is so little known of the hardships and sufferings undergone by our officers and soldiers in Indian campaigning—of all warfare the most dangerous, the most trying, and the most thankless: the first, because your foe is behind cover; the second, because you are often on reduced rations, exposed to intense cold, fires often being forbidden; if wounded, there is no transportation or possible care; if left on the field wounded, torture of the worst kind awaits you, or, if buried, your body is exhumed for desecration; thirdly, the sense of duty performed in defence of the weak settler is your only reward. While in what was called the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," in that little depression in which that terrible conflict took place when death's grip was upon every man's throat, while mounted and with others repelling the savage onslaught of the horde of Sioux, who thought we were at their mercy, I felt a sharp sting as of being slapped in the face, and a blinding rush of blood to my head and eyes. A rifle-bullet had struck me in the face, under my left eye, passing through the upper part of my mouth, under the nose, and out below the right eye. I retained my saddle for a moment, then dismounted and lay on the ground. The Sioux in their desperate charge actually passed over me, and had it not been for Washakie, chief of the Shoshones, fighting over my body, my scalp would have been lifted. One of my sergeants put a handkerchief about my face, and with his assistance I mounted my horse, and with both eyes closed, my face badly swollen and black, presenting, I have been told, a most horrible appearance, I was led to the surgeon, who put his hand in the upper part of my mouth to see how much had been shot away, and who then told me to lie down. All this period the fight was still going on, and I had to be moved three different times; and upon one place from which I had just been removed the Sioux made a rush, and scalped some of our Indian allies near whom I had lain.

It was a sweltering hot day, and no shade to be found except the shadow cast by my horse, kept in the necessary position by my faithful orderly, my thirst was intense, swallowing impossible, and the flies buzzed fiercely about my bloody face. How the conflict would end, and how the wounded could be cared for, with no transportation, no medical supplies, and hundreds of miles away from home or treatment, were some of my thoughts on that long and wearisome day. Towards evening the firing ceased, the Indians as a body had disappeared, and the troops had gone into camp in the valley of the Rosebud.

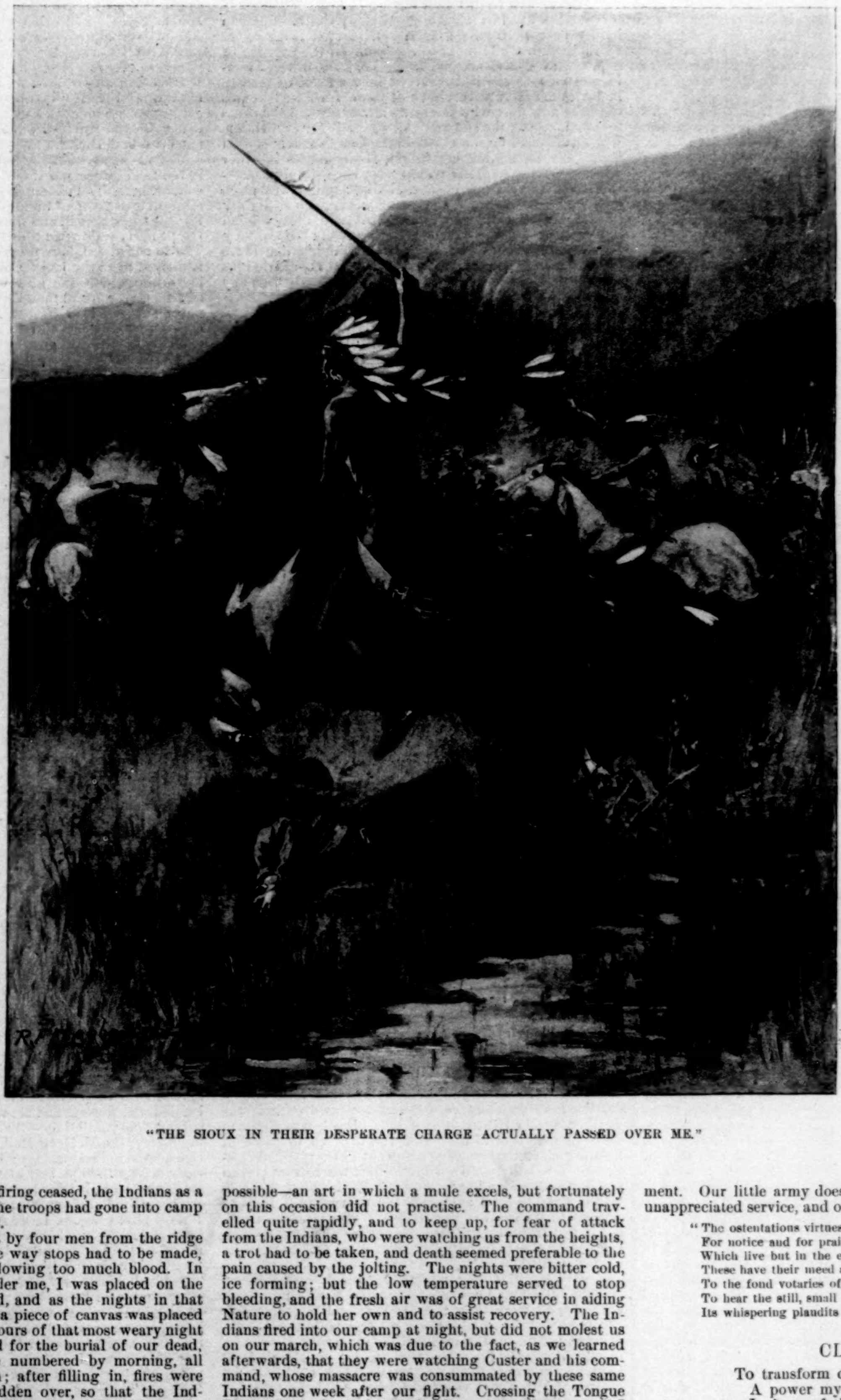
I was carried in a blanket by four men from the ridge to the valley. Twice on the way stops had to be made, owing to nausea from swallowing too much blood. In camp, with one blanket under me, I was placed on the ground with other wounded, and as the nights in that latitude are cold, for shelter a piece of canvas was placed over us. During the long hours of that most weary night preparations could be heard for the burial of our dead, among whom we might be numbered by morning, all being placed in one trench; after filling in, fires were built on top and horses ridden over, so that the Indians might not discover the place of burial, and open the graves to obtain scalps. It was also generally supposed that the Indians would on the morrow renew the attack, so that the surroundings that night were not the most cheerful. A defeat of our men the next day would lead to the wounded falling into the hands of the Indians, with subsequent torture, and to prevent the possibility of my being taken alive, I retained my revolver. I was unable to talk, both jaws having been fractured, and was quite blind. I heard many in passing me remark that I must be dead. In the morning, the Indians not appearing, arrangements were made to fall back to our camp on Goose Creek, at which we had left our wagons, tents, and supplies, some eighty miles distant by the route to be travelled, over a trail in a very rough country.

To carry the wounded, poles were cut, between which canvas was fastened so as to form a bed. These litters were then suspended between two mules driven tandem, a pole on each side of both mules front and rear like shafts. After travelling a few miles, in crossing a boggy place, the poles being too short, the rear mule in his struggles struck me over my face with his jaw, and shortly afterwards I was thrown out, fortunately in a marsh or on soft ground. To prevent the possibility of my being struck again, my head was placed in rear of the tail of the front mule, saving me in this respect, but rendering kicking possible—an art in which a mule excels, but fortunately on this occasion did not practise. The command travelled quite rapidly, and to keep up, for fear of attack from the Indians, who were watching us from the heights, a trot had to be taken, and death seemed preferable to the pain caused by the jolting. The nights were bitter cold, ice forming; but the low temperature served to stop bleeding, and the fresh air was of great service in aiding Nature to hold her own and to assist recovery. The Indians fired into our camp at night, but did not molest us on our march, which was due to the fact, as we learned afterwards, that they were watching Custer and his command, whose massacre was consummated by these same Indians one week after our fight. Crossing the Tongue River the mules had to swim for a short distance, and I came near being washed out by the rapid stream; but our camp at Goose Creek was reached at last, and seemed a sort of home, with a mattress to lie on and a tent overhead, though no medical treatment was possible. The wounded had to be sent on with a strong escort—as we were liable to attack by Indians—a distance of some two hundred miles over a hot dusty road—a long ten days' trip. My only food on this journey was broth made from such small birds as could be shot, fed to me by a spoon. I was kept up by occasional teaspoonfuls of brandy, and at night was able to obtain sleep only by the aid of chloral. We arrived opposite Fort Fetterman, on the North Platte River, just as the cable broke which held the ferry-boat, and we had to go into camp in sight of houses, beds, comfort, and medical treatment. The disappointment to us all after our weary march cannot be understood.

A few hours later, at great risk, an officer crossed in a skiff, and I was told that if I were willing to take my chances of being capsized (and that to me, in my blind condition, meant drowning), they would take me over to the fort. So, held in the arms of this officer, and paddled by two soldiers, I and others of the wounded in successive journeys safely reached Fetterman, called at that time, owing to its desolation and remoteness, "the jumping-off place," but to us it was a paradise; a house, a bed, clean clothes, bathing and dressing of wounds, beef tea, and proper food, seemed to be all that could be desired. I had now some three hundred miles before I could reach my family and proper station; so, after resting a week, I was placed in an ambulance, and travelling some one hundred miles over a very rough road, reached Medicine Bow, a station on the Union Pacific Railroad, two hundred miles from my post, Fort Russell. I thought I had reached civilization, but the Fourth-of-July orgies that night, yelling of drunken men, anvil and gun firing — the ball from one passing through the top of my tent—made me feel as if Indians were to be preferred. On the morrow I was placed on the cars. Arriving at Sherman, the highest point, owing to the rarefied air and the cumulative action of the chloral which I had been taking, I went into a faint, and only came out of it on reaching a lower level. Arriving at Fort Russell, nearly three weeks after being wounded, I was placed under medical treatment, my wounds daily probed and dressed, and in two months, having gained sufficient strength and the use of one eye, I went to California, where, in that balmy climate, with plenty of red wine, which makes blood, I became myself again, and returned to duty at Fort Laramie in less than a year—in time for the Crazy Horse, Ute River, and other Indian campaigns.

The above personal experience I have given at the risk, perhaps, of what may be considered self-glorification; but this has been far from my purpose, my object being to show what many other officers and soldiers have been called upon to endure in Indian campaigns in time of peace, unknown to our people, for which no credit is given by the country or reward by the government. Our little army does its duty in this difficult and unappreciated service, and of it may be said:

> "The ostentatious virtues which still press
> For notice and for praise; the brilliant deeds
> Which live but in the eyes of observation—
> These have their meed at once; but there's a joy,
> To the fond votaries of fame unknown,
> To hear the still, small voice of conscience speak
> Its whispering plaudits to the silent soul."



"THE SIOUX IN THEIR DESPERATE CHARGE ACTUALLY PASSED OVER ME."

CLIO.

To transform common things
  A power mysterious lies
  In her unfathomed eyes
And in her voice that sings—
Sings of old happenings ,
  That from their graves arise,
  Astare with pale surprise,
No longer common things.

MARRION WILCOX.

LIFE AND LETTERS

My friend came in, the other day before we had left town, and looked round at the appointments of the room in their summer shrouds, and said, with a faint sigh, "I see you have had the eternal-womanly with you, too."

"Isn't she everywhere?" I asked.

"Except at the clubs."

"Of course, at the clubs. But a club is not a home."

"I was going to say, No, thank heaven. But it seemed a little cheap."

"Why, what has happened to you?"

"I wish you would come to my house and see. Every rug has been up for a month, and we have been living on bare floors. Everything that could be tied up has been tied up, everything that could be sewed up has been sewed up. Everything that could be moth-balled and put away in chests has been moth-balled and put away. Everything that could be taken down has been taken down. Bags with draw-strings at their necks have been pulled over the chandeliers and tied. The pictures have been hidden in cheese-cloth, and the mirrors veiled in gauze so that I cannot see my own miserable face anywhere."

"Come! That's something."

"Yes, it's something. But I have been thinking this matter over very seriously, and I believe it is going from bad to worse. I have heard praises of the thorough housekeeping of our grandmothers, but the housekeeping of their granddaughters is a thousand times more intense."

"Do you really believe that?" I asked. "And if you do, what of it?"

"Simply this, that if we don't put a stop to it, at the gait it's going, it will put a stop to the eternal-womanly."

"I suppose we should hate that."

"Yes, it would be bad. It would be very bad; and I have been turning the matter over in my mind, and studying out a remedy."

"The highest type of philosopher turns a thing over in his mind and lets some one else study out a remedy."

"Yes, I know. I feel that I may be wrong in my processes, but I am sure that I am right in my results. The reason why our grandmothers could be such good housekeepers without danger of putting a stop to the eternal-womanly was that they had so few things to look after in their houses. Life was indefinitely simpler with them. But the modern improvements, as we call them, have multiplied the cares of housekeeping without subtracting its burdens as they were expected to do. Every novel convenience and comfort, every article of beauty and luxury, every means of refinement and enjoyment in our houses, has been so much added to the burdens of housekeeping, and the granddaughters have inherited from the grandmothers an undiminished conscience against rust and the moth, which will not suffer them to forget the least duty they owe to the naughtiest of their superfluities."

"Yes, I see what you mean," I said. This is what one usually says when one does not quite know what another is driving at; but in this case I really did know, or thought I did. "That survival of the conscience is a very curious thing, especially in our eternal-womanly. I suppose that the North American conscience was evolved from the rudimental European conscience during the first centuries of struggle here, and was more or less religious and economical in its origin. But with the advance of wealth and the decay of faith among us, the conscience seems to be simply conscientious, or, if it is otherwise, it is social. The eternal-womanly continues along the old lines of housekeeping from an atavistic impulse, and no one woman can stop because all the other women are going on. It is something in the air, or something in the blood. Perhaps it is something in both."

"Yes," said my friend, quite as I had said before, "I see what you mean. But I think it is in the air more than in the blood. I was in Paris, about this time last year, perhaps because I was the only thing in my house that had not been swathed in cheese-cloth, or tied up in a bag with draw-strings, or rolled up with moth-balls and put away in chests. At any rate, I was there. One day I left my wife in New York carefully tagging three worn-out feather dusters, and putting them into a pillow-case, and tagging it, and putting the pillow-case into a camphorated self-sealing paper sack, and tagging it; and another day I was in Paris, dining at the house of a lady whom I asked how she managed with the things in her house when she went into the country for the summer. 'Leave them just as they are,' said she. 'But what about the dust and the moths, and the rust and the tarnish?' She said, 'Why, the things would have to be all gone over when I came back in the autumn, anyway, and why should I give myself double trouble?' I asked her if she didn't even roll anything up and put it away in closets, and she said: 'Oh, you mean that old American horror of getting ready to go away. I used to go through all that at home, too, but I shouldn't dream of it here. In the first place there are no closets in the house, and I couldn't put anything away if I wanted to. And really nothing happens. I scatter some Persian powder along the edges of things, and under the lower shelves, and in the dim corners, and I pull down the shades. When I come back in the fall I have the powder swept out, and the shades pulled up, and begin living again. Suppose a little dust *has* got in, and the moths *have* nibbled a little here and there? The whole damage would not amount to half the cost of putting everything away and taking everything out, not to speak of the weeks of discomfort, and the wear and tear of spirit. No, thank goodness! I left American housekeeping in America.' I asked her, 'But if you went back?' and she gave a sigh, and said: 'I suppose I should go back to that, along with all the rest. Everybody does it there.' So you see," my friend concluded, "it's in the air, rather than the blood."

"Then your famous specific is that our eternal-womanly should go and live in Paris?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said my friend. "Nothing so drastic as all that. Merely the extinction of household property."

"I see what you mean," I said. "But—what *do* you mean?"

"Simply that hired houses, such as most of us live in, shall all be furnished houses, and that the landlord shall own every stick in them, and every appliance down to the last spoon and ultimate towel. There must be no compromise, by which the tenant agrees to provide his own linen and silver; that would neutralize the effect I intend by the expropriation of the personal proprietor, if that says what I mean. It must be in the lease, with severe penalties against the tenant in case of violation, that the landlord is to furnish everything in perfect order when the tenant comes in, and is to put everything in perfect order when the tenant goes out, and the tenant is not to touch anything, to clean it, or dust it, or roll it up in moth-balls and put it away in chests. All is to be so sacredly and inalienably the property of the landlord that it shall constitute a kind of trespass if the tenant attempts to close the house for the summer or to open it for the winter in the usual way that houses are now closed and opened. Otherwise my scheme would be measurably vitiated."

"I see what you mean," I murmured. "Well?"

"Some years ago," my friend went on, "when we came home from Europe, we left our furniture in storage for a time, while we rather drifted about, and did not settle anywhere in particular. During that interval my wife opened and closed five furnished houses in two years."

"And she has lived to tell the tale?"

"She has lived to tell it a great many times. She can hardly be kept from telling it yet. But it is my belief that although she brought to the work all the anguish of a quickened conscience, under the influence of the American conditions she had returned to, she suffered far less in her encounters with either of those furnished houses than she now does with our own furniture when she shuts up our house in the summer and opens it for the winter. But if there had been a clause in the lease, as there should have been, forbidding her to put those houses in order when she left them, life would have been simply a rapture. Why, in Europe custom almost supplies the place of statute in such cases, and you come and go so lightly in and out of furnished houses that you do not mind taking them for a month, or a few weeks. We are very far behind in this matter, but I have no doubt that if we once came to do it on any extended scale, we should do it, as we do everything else we attempt, more perfectly than any other people in the world. You see what I mean?"

"I am not sure that I do. But go on."

"I would invert the whole Henry George principle, and I would tax personal property of the household kind so heavily that it would necessarily pass out of private hands; I would make its tenure so costly that it would be impossible to any but the very rich, who are also the very wicked, and ought to suffer."

"Oh, come, now!"

"I refer you to your Testament. In the end, all household property would pass into the hands of the State."

"Aren't you getting worse and worse?"

"Oh, I'm not supposing there won't be a long interval when household property will be in the hands of powerful monopolies, and many millionaires will be made by letting it out to middle-class tenants like you and me along with the houses we hire of them. I have no doubt that there will be a Standard Household Effect Company, which will extend its relations to Europe, and get the household effects of the whole world into its grasp. It will be a fearful oppression, and we shall probably groan under it for generations, but it will liberate us from our personal ownership of them, and from the far more crushing weight of the moth-ball. We shall suffer, but—"

"I see what you mean," I hastened to interrupt at this point, "but these suggestive remarks of yours are getting beyond the measure of the space allotted me in this department. Do you think you could defer the rest of your incompleted sentence for a week?"

"Well, for not more than a week," said my friend, with an air of discomfort in his arrest. W. D. Howells.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

In October, 1868, there arrived at Ithaca in search of Cornell University three hundred and odd would-be students. In the main they were self-taught, except for the common-school and partial courses in old-time academies, and included an extraordinary proportion of stalwart youth whose physique was far in advance of their scholarship. The university was to be an industrial school, a renewal of the experiment that had lately failed at Havana in the adjoining county; and in the mind of Mr. Cornell, as well as in those of many of the boys and more of their parents, were visions of fields and shops and manufactories, so mingled with dormitories and class-rooms as to help the student work his way to any height of culture.

The learning of the land as a whole watched the new institution with ill-disguised amusement, to which the Churches added hostility, and branded the Cornell idea as lacking both in culture and godliness. The trouble was that they were better judges of clothes than men, of decoration than architecture, and either missed entirely the Cornell idea, or treated it as a jest. But it was there to stay—an assertion of the equal rights of all branches of learning, an expression of the concept of every-sided culture. "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." Such was the rock to which Ezra Cornell anchored the university. He was prompt to realize that in details his idea must be modified. But from the principle he never swerved, and with every year the university has been more and more thoroughly guided by it.

The valley of Ithaca was as beautiful then as now. But the hills, four hundred feet above it, that now form the campus, were then the bleakest and least inviting eighty acres in Tompkins County. One plain stone building, not yet finished, was called the university. Its twin, of which only the first story was up, was not merely built in an excavation so deep that the workmen could not yet see out of it, but was separated from its sister by a hill and a ravine (both now gone). The smaller bells of the chime were housed in a low wooden hut; and the student "labor corps" was yet to help put up the great wooden barn so long known as the Chemical Building, to lay out roads and paths over knolls and gullies, and to clear away alike old fences and new debris.

The student body was the most mixed imaginable—bumptious energy, which defied guidance but did very well without it, being the one trait which most seemed to have brought with them, and the rest to have acquired as a condition of remaining. All met on an equality so perfect that it was unnoticed. The exclusive Greek-letter fraternities had duly arrived; but the puzzled committee-men from other colleges surrendered at discretion when the few Sophomores and Juniors whom they had selected as men of culture chose as their associates waiter sat student commons and laborers on the university farm.

The faculty was indeed a distinguished body of devoted educators; but they had been so summarily gathered from all quarters that it was years before, as a body, they showed the *esprit de corps* that the boys seemed to catch with their first step on the campus.

An ultimate endowment of a million; a good industrial school, when the student body should be tamed—such were the general expectations of its friends. The President and faculty worked for better things, but walked rather by faith than sight. The founder imagined somewhat of the reality of to-day, but was discredited as a dreamer.

And yet, "everything went." Obstacles were treated as jokes. Trustees erected buildings and afterwards studied how to pay for them. Professors organized classes in rooms which the masons had not left. The students formed a baseball club in the intervals between classes on the first recitation day. Within a week from the opening the Student Glee Club was singing the "We'll honor thee, Cornell," that yet leads Cornell songs. The *Era* was promptly started on a career that has already put it well toward the deanship of college papers. A gymnasium was opened by student subscription, and by 1871 a committee of Juniors and Sophomores—who knew nothing of rowing—had organized the Cornell navy to drill other students of similar qualifications, in full confidence that Cornell would beat the college world at the oar—as she did within five years.

The management of the university was fiercely attacked in the Legislature and tried in the fire of an investigating committee. Its finances becoming embarrassed at the same time as those of its founder, he sacrificed his private fortune to protect it, and died, leaving others to see grow the princely endowment his foresight had almost created. The so-called religious press hounded the institution, but it thrived none the less. Co-education became a disturbing question, but the girls were welcome. The trustees and faculty were chronically at odds, yet each did work never surpassed in its way. The land rang with the differences between alumni and trustees, but their crises coincided with the greatest advances that Cornell has ever made. The bitter litigation by which a million and a half was lost to Cornell's endowment was memorialized by the finest and best-endowed library building owned by any American college—a contribution of the university's stoutest champion, into which are now pouring the choice collections of him who opened the attack. And for the last dozen years prosperity has fairly deluged the campus.

During the year 1882–3 there attended the university, all told, fewer than 400 students; at the last term of that year there were but 330 undergraduates in attendance. Eleven years later, the student attendance for the year 1893–4 had passed 2000, and this with an average standard of requirement more nearly a year than six months in advance of that in the former period. A fairly paid faculty of 145 professors and instructors had succeeded to the meagre corps whose salary had been too small to be called compensation; and the treasurer's report showed the university to possess a campus, buildings, and equipment costing about $2,500,000; 157,000 acres of Western lands, which were yet to be sold; productive funded investments of above $6,000,000, and an annual income of over $500,000

The events of the 1895 Commencement, just held, would fill a volume. The degree list — 360 — was longer than the whole student roll only twelve years previous. Of the six trustees elected by the alumni, the second on the poll was a Cornell alumna, the President of Quaker Bryn-Mawr, America's leading women's college—unless this be disputed by the president of Wellesley, also a Cornell alumna. Of the twelve chosen by the trustees, one was a prominent Hebrew alumnus, and another a distinguished Catholic judge; and the net result was to bury old alumni-trustee discussions by finally putting the university into the hands of its graduates. Most pleasant of all, perhaps, were the reminders of how generally Cornell's friends—not waiting for death to give—had seen the fruit of their generosity. Not merely had Cornell, McGraw, Sibley, and Barnes, and many another, seen their gifts completed in their lifetime, but ex-President White was there in the flesh to see the use made of his donations; and Henry W. Sage, the venerable president of the trustees, who took up the founder's work as it fell from his hands, was present to see blossom about him his benefactions already well into the second million of dollars, to which his heart and brain had added more than had poured from his purse.

To one then present at Ithaca, whose memory could compare to-day with the past, the contrast was startling. The rough hills and fields, with their few misfit buildings, had become a grand park, bounded by beautiful glens, spread with velvet turf, threaded with walks and drives, bedded with flowers and set with trees. Here are grouped some seventy buildings—the great library, with its towering belfry; the McGraw Hall, the home of the great collection in classical archæology; the engineering buildings, with their acres of shops and class-rooms; the Chapel, where stately memorials are already crowding each other; and the beautiful buildings where dwell the schools of History, Philosophy, Classics, Law, Architecture, Physics, Chemistry, and many another branch of learning; the President's mansion; the lodges and cloisters of the Greek-letter chapters; and the ivy-clad homes of the senior professors.

Student games and class and university exercises occupy the days, balls, receptions, and alumni reunions fill the nights, of Commencement week. Caps and gowns are everywhere about one; each hour the chimes fling music to every corner of the campus and town; and the Cornell that was is so transfigured as to have left of itself not a single external feature in the glorified Cornell of to-day. The change, however, is one of garment, not of nature; and to the alumnus returning there recurs, to the neophyte arriving there promptly comes, the tingle of that impulse, the glow of that inspiration, which, apart from sward and turf, and even from flesh and blood and brain, is the real Cornell—that spirit which believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, dareth all things. John Dewitt Warner.

THE REGULAR ARMY.

The existing prejudice in this country against the enlisted soldier is the chief factor in perpetuating the absurd idea that the rank and file is composed of a class of men recruited from the slums of our large cities.

Nothing is further from the truth, as this prejudice has no foundation in fact, the enlisted force being a much finer body of men, mentally, morally, and physically, than is gathered together in any other army in the world.

Indian wars have tested their valor and powers of endurance, long isolation at frontier stations has proved their loyalty to the flag, and riot duty in large railway centres and in mining camps has demonstrated the high state of perfection and discipline to which they have been brought. Last year's railroad strike has proved the effectiveness of our small but well-trained army.

Brought thus into close contact with the people, the press was quick to note the character of the men composing the regular service, and to give praise, just praise, where it was due. Never since the close of the war have the people had so good an opportunity to study the soldiers as during the summer of 1894. The promptness with which they moved to scenes of turbulent trouble, which in some cases assumed the proportions of armed resistance, inspired American citizens with the knowledge that the army was able to cope with the anarchistic elements, which have crept into the country from abroad.

It must be borne in mind that when the civil war terminated, some thirty years ago, and the vast armies of the Northern States were disbanded, there drifted into the regular army a class of men whose war service had developed many evil traits of character that rendered them undesirable subjects for the strict discipline maintained at that time. They were consequently subjected to punishments that were degrading and brutal in the extreme. It was this system of punishments, coupled with the absence of restrictions in enlistments, that gave rise to the still existing prejudice against the enlisted men—a prejudice so strong that parents cast off sons who entered the ranks, brothers refused to acknowledge each other, and in general the man who enlisted was looked upon as unfit for any of the pursuits of civil life because of some moral defect, that he was a criminal or a fool.

Your free-born American could not conceive why a man could be guilty of giving up his personal liberty to endure the hardships of frontier campaigning, and submit to punishments that were humiliating as well as brutal. At that time officers had become habituated to the then existing code of punishments, usually limited only by the discretion of the commanding officer of the post where they were inflicted, that embraced penalties which if imposed at the present day would be considered inhuman and cruel.

The following punishments indicate the unbridled license that courts martial enjoyed years ago: Drunk on duty—"To be confined in the blackhole for thirty days, to stand in the stocks two hours each day for fifteen days, and to have his whiskey stopped for one month." Drunkenness—"To walk ten miles each morning for ten successive mornings, playing the fife the whole time." Disobedience of orders—"To work at hard labor with a ball and chain attached to his leg for one month, and to forfeit his whiskey for one month." Unsoldierlike conduct—"To walk ten miles for seven successive mornings before breakfast, and to be confined at hard labor during the remainder of the day." Same offence—"To walk twenty miles each morning for ten successive mornings." Mutinous conduct—"To be confined in irons in the blackhole, on his back, for the remainder of his enlistment [the order promulgating the sentence does not state the date of expiration of his term of enlistment, so one has to conjecture the length of time he remained there], to forfeit all pay and allowances, and when released to have his head shaved and be drummed out of the service." Desertion—"To receive seventy-five lashes on his bare back with a rawhide well laid on, to have his head shaved, and be drummed out of the service."

Packing fifty-pound weights, carrying a six-pound shot in the hands, packing a whiskey-barrel, bucking and gagging, walking every alternate hour for ten or twenty days, were familiar forms of punishment during the period from 1830 to 1860.

It was such treatment that caused the popular belief that the army could be only the last resort of a man who must be either a drunkard, a madman, or on the verge of starvation. It must be acknowledged that when every applicant for enlistment who passed the requisite physical examination was accepted, without regard to previous occupation or record, many questionable characters gained admission to the ranks, and it was the men of that class who deserted sooner or later. The proportion of desertions in those days, compared with present times, is about 100 to 1. Illiteracy was no bar to enlistment in days gone by, hence a large portion of the old-time non-commissioned officers were men of that stamp, and consequently imbued with a sense of their own importance that boded no good to those under them, possessing all the petty malice and prejudice against men of education that is common to uneducated minds. It is but natural that a prejudice should exist against men who entered the army under such conditions; but why should the people still blindly consider the army as it was, instead of as it is, investigating for themselves its present status?

If the United States has advanced in giant strides during the past twenty years, the army has not been behindhand in improvement of its *morale*. The enlisted man of to-day is a product of the country's improvement and advancement, and in point of character the superior of the enlisted man of the old army, and of any soldier in existence.

Admitting that the soldier gives up his individuality to a great extent in accepting the conditions which place him in a subordinate position where he is directed by a superior mind, that he becomes a mere automaton moved without his own will or volition, are there not thousands of other stations in life where subordinates are placed in similar positions. It detracts nothing from his manhood to be competent to obey orders, any more than it would for an employé of a corporation to perform the same duties—that of complying with an order of his employer.

The soldier enjoys greater freedom than the majority of the laboring-men in the country, or even the mechanics; the discipline is not as severe as it is in some of the great industrial institutions, and he can approach his colonel with much less servility than many employés in civil life can their employers.

While the pay is small, it is almost clear money to him. He buys all his necessaries at cost price, either in the commissary or the post exchange; if he is sick, he is nursed back to health under the care of skilled surgeons and well-trained nurses in a hospital that contains all modern comforts; if he be permanently injured, he receives a pension, or has the privilege of the Soldiers' Home at Washington; again, there are many details in the supply departments involving extra pay in sums greater than the regular monthly pay allowed.

The advent of the post exchange (or canteen) has improved the quantity and quality of the table fare, until some companies set as good a table as any of the boarding-houses for mechanics in civil life. Each company is provided with excellent iron-stone china-ware, silver-plated knives, forks, and spoons, and each man is supplied with a spring bunk, mattress, pillow, white cotton sheets, and pillow-slips. Excellent bathing facilities are provided, which the men are required to avail themselves of at stated periods, but which they can use at any time they desire. At least once in six days a tour of guard duty is performed; but if on extra duty as mechanic or laborer he is exempt from that duty.

The greatest existing evil of to-day is the laboring work necessary about a post that has to be performed by the enlisted men, though not enlisted for such purpose. The War Department makes no provision for having this work done otherwise, so it falls upon the men. Still, the work is not fatiguing, except in that it keeps the men busy watching the quartermaster who supervises the work.

An enlisted man serving on the frontier has opportunities for sport that would be envied by hundreds of wealthy men, especially in the way of hunting and fishing. He plays all kinds of out door games, is regular in his habits, has stated times for meals and for sleep, which all tend to the development of his physical powers, and the training he receives straightens his frame and gives him an easy upright carriage that never after leaves him, until old age lays the weight of its hand upon him.

The post exchange is fitted up with billiard and pool room, lunch-counter and card-room. Only the best grades of beer are sold there, and drunkenness cannot exist under present restricted rules. A pleasant room is always set aside as a reading-room, where current newspapers are on file, and in addition to this each company usually maintains a library. A post school is maintained for six months of the year, where he may improve his mental condition if he desires. He is provided with excellent clothing, which, when altered to fit neatly, is the nattiest uniform known.

A drunkard or other questionable character may possibly creep in among the men enlisted, but he is soon "spotted," and under the law that five previous convictions by courts martial are sufficient to award dishonorable discharge, he is soon gotten rid of. It is creditable to the army that all men now serving in the ranks, except possibly a few left over from the old army, are capable of reading and writing the English language, that is, in a limited sense.

To enter the service a man must submit a certificate of character from his last employer, and in many other ways satisfy the examining officer that he is a worthy young man. If he be intelligent his services are sought by the different department chiefs as clerk, or in some other capacity. The new law which allows any enlisted man of two years' service to apply for examination with a view to securing a commission has already induced many bright young men to enter the ranks. If the people can only be prevailed upon to cast aside the prejudice which has blinded their judgment of the army for the past twenty years, our young men will be only too willing to enlist, and enjoy the benefits that accrue during a three years' term of service.

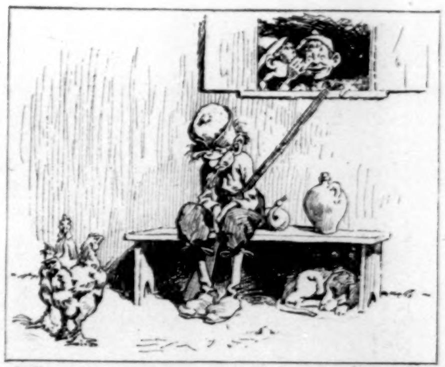
A Sergeant-Major of Infantry.

"HANDS TO BATHE!"

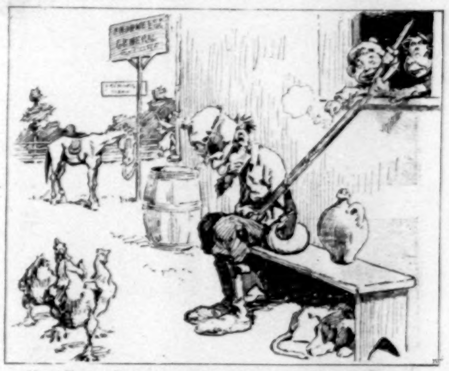
Nothing is more insisted upon on board a man-o'-war than absolute cleanliness in everything, animate and inanimate, and as much water, soap, sand, and paint are used day in and day out as would keep an ordinary house bright as a brass binnacle for a year. Did any one ever see a dirty man-o'-war's man—at least in our service?

Opportunities to indulge in a plunge overboard and a royal good time in the water are frequently furnished to the crews of war-ships when at anchor, and the sight of a hundred or two stalwart fellows floundering and splashing about in the water, as full of pranks and tricks as so many school-boys, is one not soon to be forgotten by any one privileged to witness it. With few exceptions, sailors of the navy, both officers and men, are expert swimmers, although there are some among them, old "shell-barks" principally, who, thoroughly at home on the water, would be helpless as cats in it—a fact that calls to mind the old saying as to the exception and the rule. Be that as it may, Jack dearly loves a swim, and will sometimes resort to the most reckless expedients for a few moments' plunge in the water on a hot day, when general permission to bathe has not been given. An amusing story in this connection is told of a pretext for a swim on the part of three middies one sultry evening during a practice cruise, when, although the ship lay at anchor, the privilege of a swim had been denied them by the officer of the deck for reasons best known to himself. Baffled in their attempts to secure a bath in the regular way, the three youngsters resolved that one of their number should fall overboard, and that the two others should spring to his rescue. The scheme was no sooner concocted than executed, and Mr. Jones promptly fell out of a convenient gun-port, and had hardly touched the water when Messrs. Brown and Robinson were alongside of him. The startling cry, "Man overboard!" rang out from the quartermaster of the watch, the life-boat was called away, the three midshipmen were picked up, and duly appeared, in their dripping clothes, on the deck before their commanding officer. "Very careless of you, Mr. Jones; a very gallant rescue, young gentlemen," said the officer. Then pointing to the deck, with its white planking outlined by the long straight black lines of pitched seams: "Do you see that seam? Toe it, all three of you—toe it! You must be uncomfortable in your wet clothes; let 'em dry." You may be sure that the boys were not kept standing there long enough to do them any harm, but no more attempts of a similar nature were made to outwit the officers during that cruise.

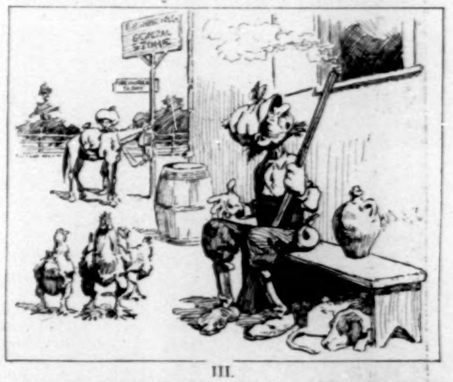
Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum.



I. Tired out by a day's hunting, Uncle Abad takes a quiet snooze, and the boys concoct a little scheme.



II. "These Roman candles are just the fit, Billy."



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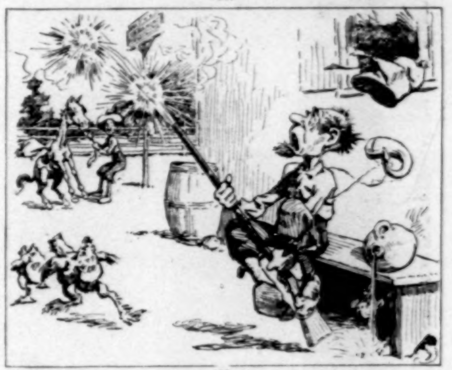

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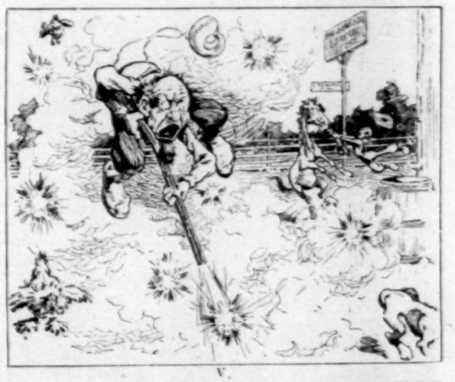

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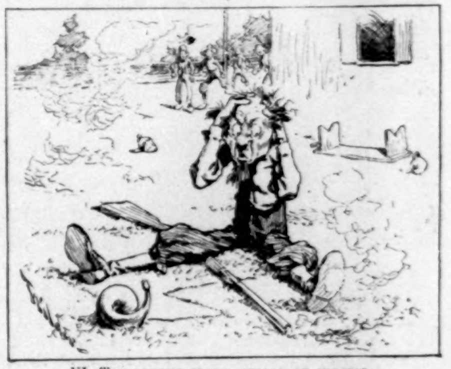
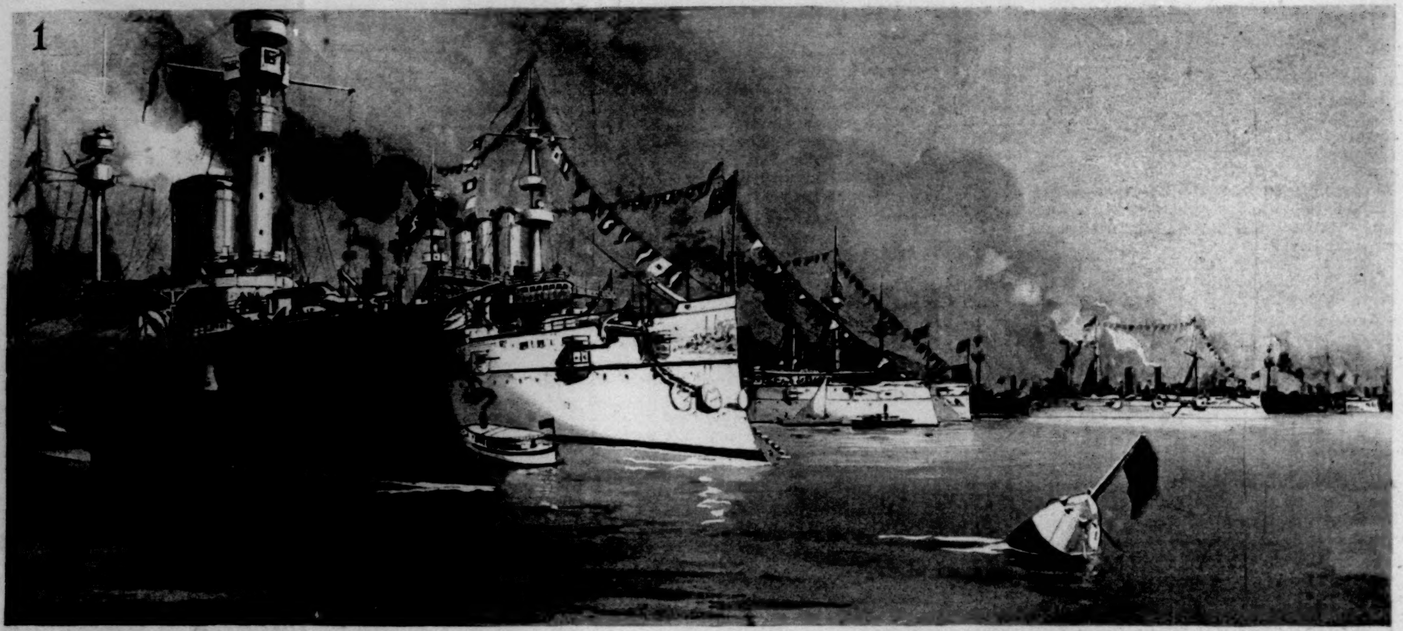


VI. The scheme was a brilliant success.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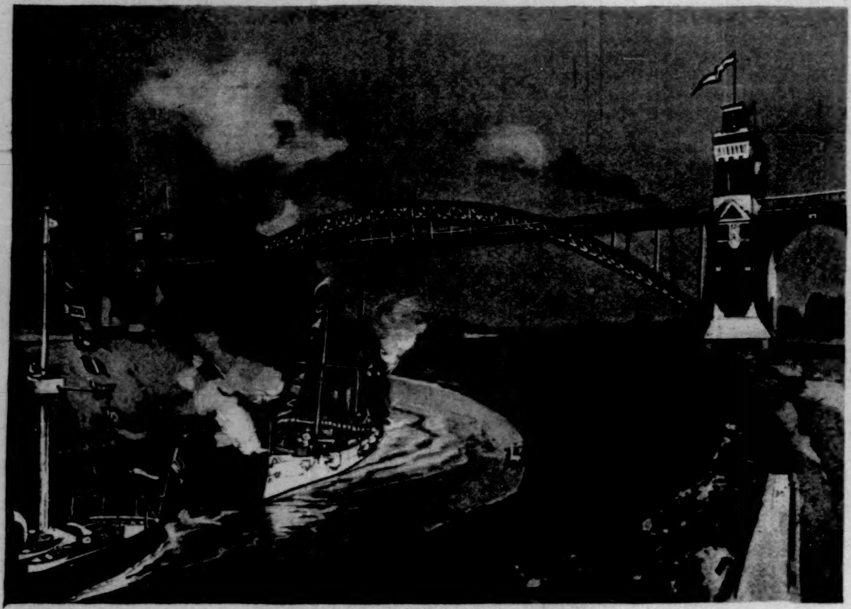
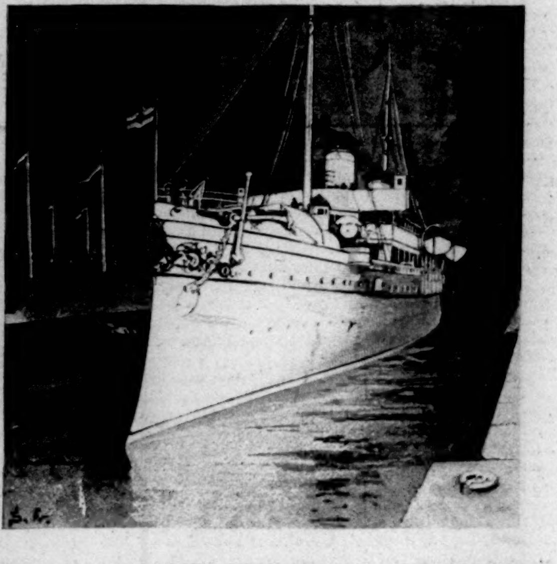
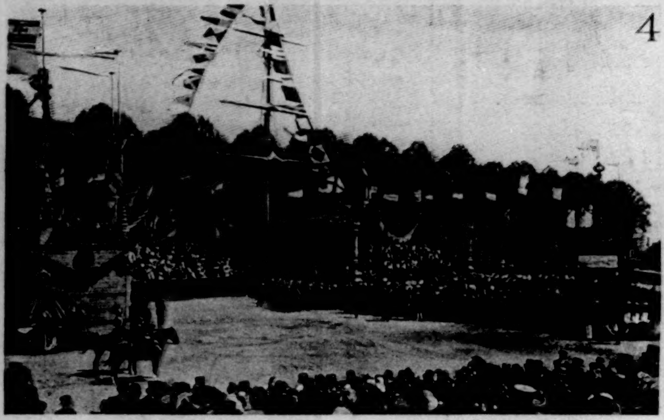
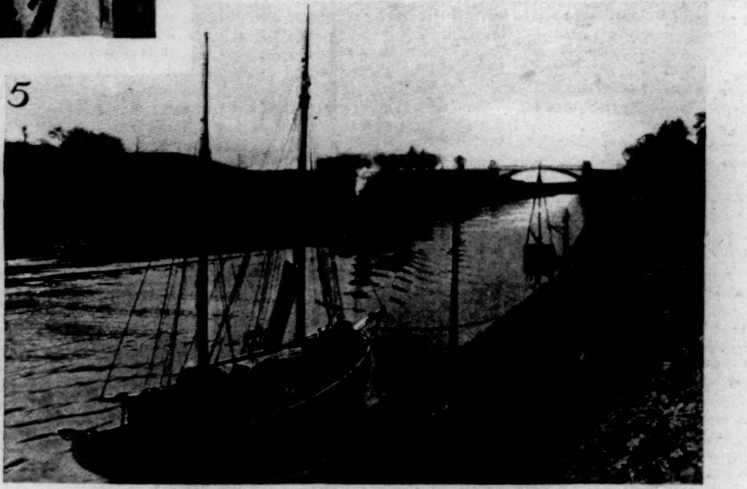
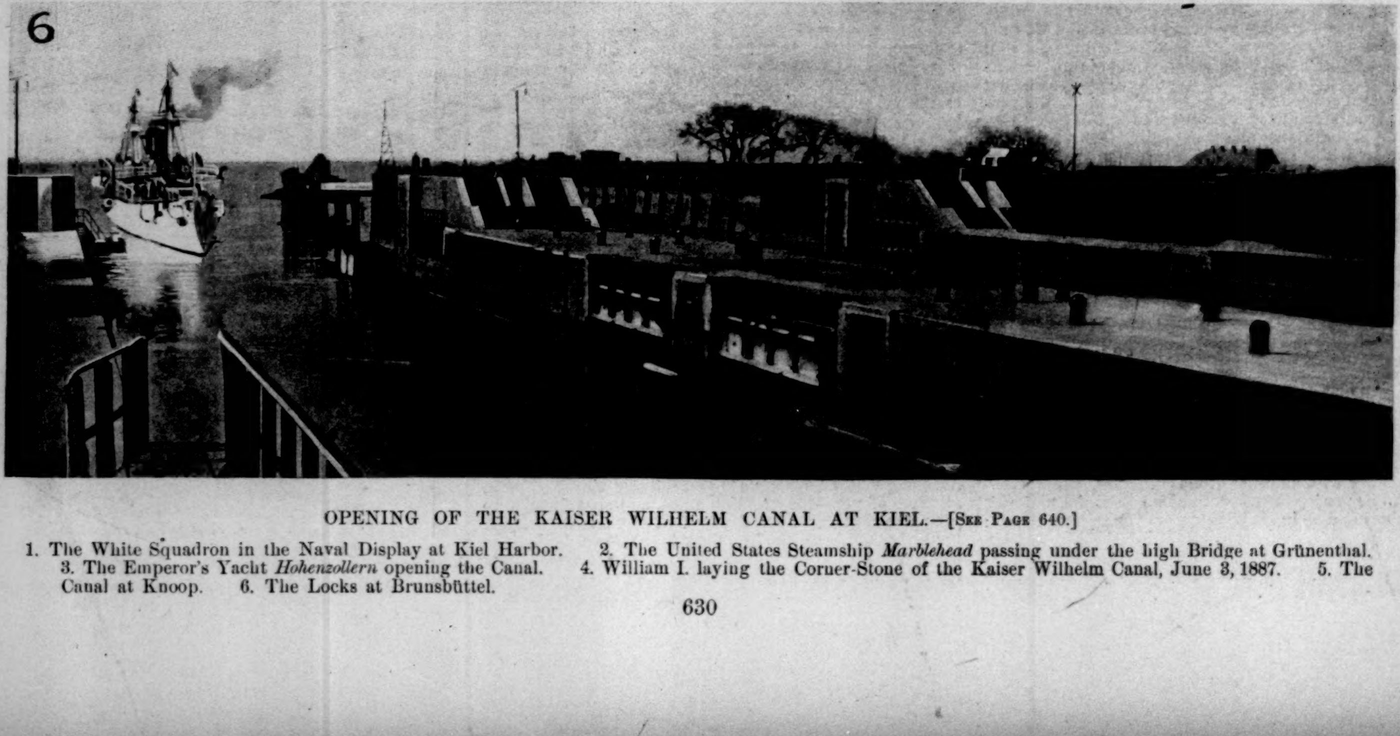




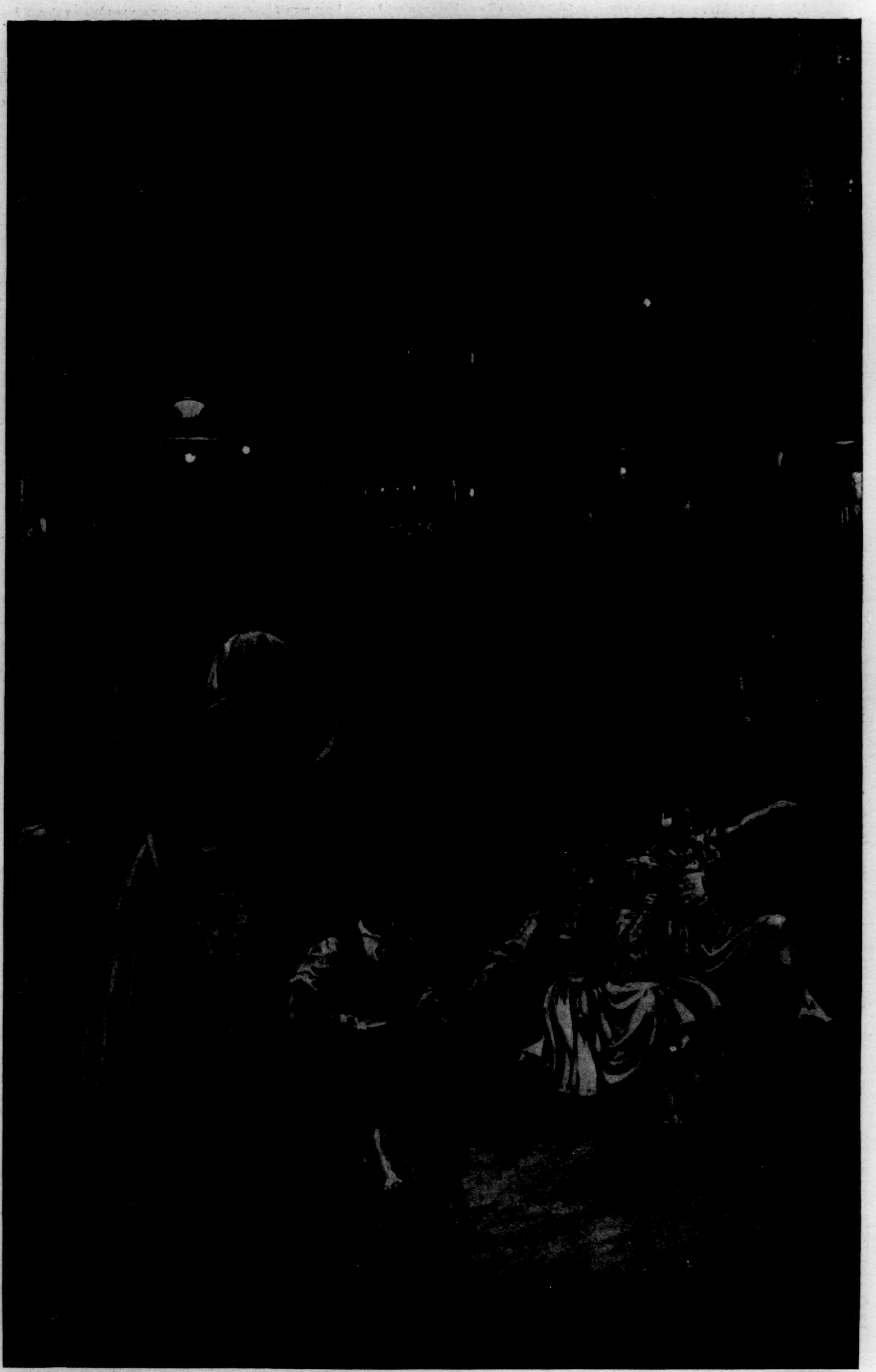






OPENING OF THE KAISER WILHELM CANAL AT KIEL.—[See Page 640.]

1. The White Squadron in the Naval Display at Kiel Harbor. 2. The United States Steamship *Marblehead* passing under the high Bridge at Grünenthal. 3. The Emperor's Yacht *Hohenzollern* opening the Canal. 4. William I. laying the Corner-Stone of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, June 3, 1887. 5. The Canal at Knoop. 6. The Locks at Brunsbüttel.



THE NEW EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK—A SUMMER NIGHT ON THE ASPHALT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 636.]

THE SINGULAR ADVENTURE OF MAJOR THORNE.

"It would have been a great joy to me if I could have had a flying-machine out West one afternoon some ten years ago," said Major Thorne, at Jackson's little dinner at the Demitasse Club, after the company had indulged in some slight discussion of a story told by one of the members of a remarkable aerial invention in which he had been interested.

"Confession is good for the soul," observed Barlow, "but I never heard a soldier make a confession of that sort before."

"Candor doesn't hurt any one," retorted the Major, "and many's the time when I've felt more like flying than fighting. Where would the credit of remaining on the field lie if a man didn't feel that way? That's where bravery comes in, my boy. I've been tempted again and again to run away when the heat of the battle was at its highest, and I never yielded to the temptation but once, and then, thanks to a curious provision of Fate, nobody ever found it out—in fact, I got my first command because of it."

"How did you conceal your cowardice?" asked Mr. Bouverie, the British publisher, in whose honor the dinner was given.

"I didn't. My cowardice was its own cure. It was at the battle of Gettysburg. I was nothing but a sergeant then, and when I got squarely into the fight a sudden terror seized hold of me and six of my men at the same time. We turned our backs on the enemy and fled as fast as our legs could carry us. Fortunately we fled blindly. I never looked where I was going, and, as it happened, we struck an unfrequented road, which led right around to the rear of the enemy we were trying to get away from, and the first thing we knew we were heroes. Everybody thought we cowards had executed a flank movement and had attacked the enemy in the rear. The enemy thought so too, and were so demoralized that they became easy prey to our forces. We had run around a complete circle. Of course we never let on what the real state of affairs was, and after that not one of us could have been induced to show the white feather."

"How very odd!" said Mr. Bouverie, putting his monocle on and staring intensely through it at the Major.

"Simply the fortunes of war, my dear sir," said the Major. "Chance counts for a great deal. Read that exquisite bit of martial verse, "Sheridan's Ride," backwards, as a girl does a novel, and you get a totally different idea of Sheridan's character. Great things often depend on little things. What is odd to one is natural to another. I was simply a man of destiny, that is all. I tried my best to be a coward, and my destiny was not built that way; but the episode in the West, that was odd enough, if you will, and I would not go through it again for all the world. It gives me a chill even now to think of it. Ah, Jackson, order me a cognac, will you?"

"Certainly," said Jackson, summoning the waiter. "And I presume that as you are about to narrate this soul-chilling story we'd all better prepare our systems for it."

"Count me out," said Wheeler. "I never touch brandy except medicinally."

"Perhaps Dr. Robinson will prescribe a cognac for you, Wheeler," suggested Barlow.

"With pleasure," said the Doctor, "unless he prefers something else."

"I place myself in your hands unreservedly," said Wheeler, whereupon the Doctor prescribed cognac for all, and it was duly administered.

"It was during the campaign against the Seminoles in Arizona, back in '83—" began the Major, blandly.

"I didn't quite catch the tribe," put in Valentine, leaning forward and placing his hand beside his ear, after the manner of those who would hear better.

"Neither did we," said the Major, with a droll wink at Valentine. "Several Seminoles got away. The only ones we caught were dead."

"But aren't the Seminoles one of the Florida tribes?" asked Dr. Robinson.

"Not for the purposes of this story," the Major replied, calmly. "I am telling a story of army life in Arizona as it was in '83, when I was in command at Fort William Henry, then in a state of siege, surrounded by a hundred thousand howling Seminoles and their Choctaw allies. If you do not care to hear of that experience of course I have no objection to your putting your thumbs in your ears."

"I'll be delighted to hear it," said the Doctor. "It is sure to be instructive."

"Well, then," resumed the Major, "it happened like this: In April, 1882, I was sent to Fort William Henry on the Little Pequot River, that flows down from the Sierras, irrigating the fertile valleys of lower Arizona before discharging its crystalline waters into the Mississippi.

"I was in command of a troop of three hundred regulars, and practically the Governor-General of ten thousand square miles of surrounding territory, in which dwelt the Seminoles and their Choctaw allies. These Indians are an extremely spirited people; affectionate to a degree, but correspondingly sensitive. An affront to one is an affront to all, and always sure to be bitterly resented. So, you see, the management of a charge of that sort requires the highest tact. Unfortunately when I arrived upon the scene the officer I was sent to relieve had in some manner insulted one of the Seminole chiefs. It was unintentional and trivial—something like wiping off the mouth-piece of the Pipe of Peace with his handkerchief before smoking it, if I remember rightly. But, trivial as it seemed to us, the insult to the Seminoles was deadly, and could only be avenged by war.

"The war was protracted but not unduly bloody. For eight months the loss on our side was confined mainly to dogs and chickens. On the Seminole side there were equally unimportant reverses. Several were taken captive and kept in the guard-house a week, but otherwise one would hardly have known that we had a war on our hands. It waxed fierce and hot in the New York newspapers, but in Arizona it was not even as exciting as a sack-race. In this manner we fought for a year.

"On the Fourth of July, 1883, I received a petition, signed by two hundred members of my command, calling my attention to the fact that that day was a national holiday, and asking if they were expected to wage war on a legal holiday. It was a very pertinent question, it seemed to me. Every one was tired of the work, and the idea of taking a day off struck me as a good one. I put myself in communication with the leader of the rebellious Indians, and found that he and his followers were quite as anxious for a rest as we were, so hostilities were suspended for a day; friend and foe alike took a day off. I went fishing. It is a great pity that Mr. Bouverie cannot see the salmon we used to take out of the Little Pequot. They were simply whales. I've had 'em so heavy that it took eight men and a horse to get them out of the water after they'd been killed. Of course, with such sport as that within reach, I spent few of my holidays in sleep. I bridled my war-horse—an animal, by-the-way, which I captured in the Custer campaign from an Apache chief who thought he could play poker—and set out for the Little Pequot to see what I could strike. I had pretty poor luck at first. I was two hours killing ten salmon and forty-three black bass, but along toward five o'clock in the afternoon I had a strike that nearly pulled me into the river. Simultaneously with that, Ollagawalla, my horse, gave a snort, jumped backwards, and before I knew it was skipping over the prairie like a vestibule limited. Now and then he would stop, look back at me, snort louder than ever, kick his heels in the air, and put off again. Meantime the fish had made off with my tackle and sword; I forgot to say that in the absence of a salmon rod I used my sword in its stead, and if you've never tried it I'd advise you to do so at your earliest opportunity. You have no idea how much easier it is to kill a salmon with a cavalry sabre than with the ordinary rod of every-day fishing."

Mr. Bouverie having evinced due surprise at this, the Major went on.

"The loss of my horse, tackle, and sword annoyed me considerably. What had set the horse going I was at a loss to discover, when, all of a sudden, something whizzed by my head, struck on the rocks on the other side of the river, loosened some of them, and disappeared. I say disappeared, although, as a matter of fact, the thing never had appeared at all. There was something that flew past me, but what I could not see. Turning about hastily to see whence the missile had come, I saw, sitting fifty feet away, the most vicious-looking red man I had ever encountered, sharpening a tomahawk on the sole of his boot.

"'Well,' I said, as soon as I could speak, and in purest Seminole—'well, what is the meaning of this? Don't you know, sir, that, for the day, hostilities have ceased?'

"He gave a grunting laugh, and with a quick movement of his right arm sent his tomahawk flying at me. I ducked my head, and it passed over, leaving me untouched. A distinct act of war of this nature set my blood boiling, and I was about to shoot the fellow dead, when it occurred to me that it would never do for me to violate the truce the chief and I had agreed upon. In all probability this brute had not heard of the temporary cessation of hostilities from headquarters, and supposing my statement of the fact to him was a lie uttered in the hope of escaping, kept on in his murderous work. If he killed me it would be a fracture of the treaty arrangement for the day, but an innocent one; if I killed him, the honor of a nation would be involved. This put me at a tremendous disadvantage, but I was powerless to help it. Reason was the only weapon I could use in honor. I addressed him once more in his own language:

"'Barsac! Arra medo, kella del Julio fourth. Walla wow a woo mesac rabida mell. Raugh?' Which being interpreted into our tongue is: 'See here, my friend, I'm getting tired of this business. I'm no target. The imbroglio is off for the day, this being a national holiday. See?' Raugh is Seminole for see as it is used in the vernacular.

"His answer to this was precisely the same as his first answer. Another tomahawk developed in his hand, and in an instant was coming my way with all the force his right arm could give it. As it came I jumped to one side, and, like the two others, it went crashing into the cliff on the other side of the river. Where the fellow had got the third tomahawk I don't know. It seemed to grow out of his hand, and, what was worse, no sooner had he parted with one than another took its place. He was a regular Hermann for taking tomahawks out of his sleeve, only he was superior to Hermann in the respect that he had no sleeve.

"'This is pretty serious,' I said to myself. 'I'll have to try persiflage on him,' forgetting, in my extremity, that Indians have little or no sense of humor. I made grimaces at him for a moment, and then said:

"'Bura allamusac. Hiry palla boolum dary skirail,' or, as we would say in the East, 'Your red right hand appears to be a sort of tomahawk farm. The crop is dandy.'

"But it didn't work. He let me have the fourth, which I managed to elude just as I had eluded the others. So it went for some forty minutes. I would address him, and he would retort with a tomahawk, until he had thrown at least seventy-five glittering hatchets at me, when I concluded the time had come for me to follow Ollagawalla's example and sprint over the prairie. I started and ran about as fast as my legs could carry me. Tomahawks by the dozen flew past me, but not one hit me. I ran until I could run no more, and then, stopping, I glanced fearfully back of me. There was that same vile creature, sitting fifty feet away, still engaged in his bloodthirsty occupation of sharpening a hatchet on the sole of his boot. That settled me. I gave myself up for lost. There were only two things for me to do. Compromise my word and the nation's honor by shooting my relentless pursuer, or die. I don't suppose any one here will blame me for not wanting to die, particularly after I had done all I could to give my word and the nation's honor a chance to keep itself inviolate. Feeling this way, I resolved to end the whole business by killing my undesirable companion. Now I am a dead shot, and as quick as lightning. What I fire at I hit, not by aim, but by instinct. I simply aim my gun quickly and shoot, and what I shoot at gets hit. It was precisely so on this occasion. I let my enemy have the contents of six chambers of my revolver right through the middle of his forehead; and will you believe it, gentlemen, when I got through, and the smoke cleared away, the villain sat there, grinning like an ape, sharpening a fresh tomahawk?

"Then I began to get scared in real earnest, and I should have swooned in actual fear if the chief had not broken his reserve and addressed me.

"'You big Major,' he said. 'Heap good shot. Sick ball through big Injun forehead. Big Injun turn. Sick tomahawk through big Major right leg.'

"'What the deuce are you talking about?' I asked, in astonishment. 'Who are you, anyhow?'

"'Me big Injun once,' he replied.

"'Once?' I asked. 'What in creation are you now?'

"'Big Injun spirit. Me no live Injun. Me big Injun ghost. Throw ghost tomahawk—no hurt big Major.'

"'What-a-at?' I cried. 'You mean to say you are a spook?'

"'Big Injun spook. Come out Fourth July. Get big Major Dead-shot, shoot match. Big Major he hit forehead sick time. No hurt big Injun ghost. Now big Injun ghost shoot sick time big Major right knee. Tally tie. Then over again, never stop 'til big Major beat big Injun ghost, or big Injun ghost beat big Major. Big Injun ghost have turn now sick time.'

"Well, this was a pretty complication. I was beginning to understand the situation, although it had become rather more strange than ever. 'You've got to humor this fellow, Major,' I said to myself. 'Stand up like a man and take your six tomahawks like a soldier.' This I did. I stood up still and stiff as a target, and that fool of a ghost did precisely what he said he'd do. He fired six tomahawks at my right knee, and every one of them struck, and struck square in the middle of it."

The Englishman's eyes nearly fell out of his head. "And you are not lame?" he asked.

"No," said Thorne. "Of course not. You forget that they were ghost tomahawks."

"Oh!" said Mr. Bouverie, with a sigh of relief.

"They didn't hurt a bit, and they relieved my mind, I can tell you," said the Major. "I was a little uneasy when I saw the first one coming, but I took it, and as it struck my knee-cap, and the handle quivered with the force of the impact, I did experience a slight sensation of pain; but it was purely imaginary, for upon removing the weapon, to make room for the next one, I found that the crease in my trousers had not even been scarred, and my knee was strong and well as ever.

"Well, we put in two hours together, the spook and I. He would plant tomahawks in me, and I would shoot bullets into him, with no damage done to either, until finally he said there was no doubt that neither of us was a better shot than the other, when I proposed a final test. I would shoot six bullets at him, the first at his left eye, the second at his right, the third at his nose, and with the fourth and fifth I would clip off his ears. He, on the other hand, was to hurl a tomahawk at my forehead, and after it struck there he was to follow it up with the other five, each succeeding tomahawk to remain stuck in the handle of the preceding one.

"'You big sport,' he replied, with a smile. 'Me say yes.'

"And we started in. He won. I got laughing so after hitting my opponent's nose that I missed both of his ears, but he did exactly what he proposed to do, and then we parted. I never saw him again."

"I should think he would have got laughing too," said Mr. Bouverie.

"Oh, he might have," said the Major, "but, as I've already said, Indians have no sense of humor. He didn't see anything funny in it."

"Well," said Mr. Bouverie, as the Major finished, "that is the most remarkable tale I ever heard."

"Yes," observed Barlow, in a stage-whisper, "I think it's very strange myself, particularly in view of the fact that it happened in Arizona, when the Major has never been further West than Milwaukee."

John Kendrick Bangs.

THE SONG OF SILVER.

Osiris and Zeus and Odin, all gods of the land and the sea,
And Pan, so beloved of the ancients, could not "hold a candle" to me,
For I am acclaimed for vast worship, in spite of my plebeian birth,
With the sceptre I lift for your homage I propose to encircle the earth.

Is not Mexico blessed by my banner, and China my prophetess too?
Is there ever a lac(k) of white rupees held back from the heathen Hindoo?
The reason strong nations deride me, and will not come into my fold,
Is because the cantankerous English are "stuck" on the value of gold.

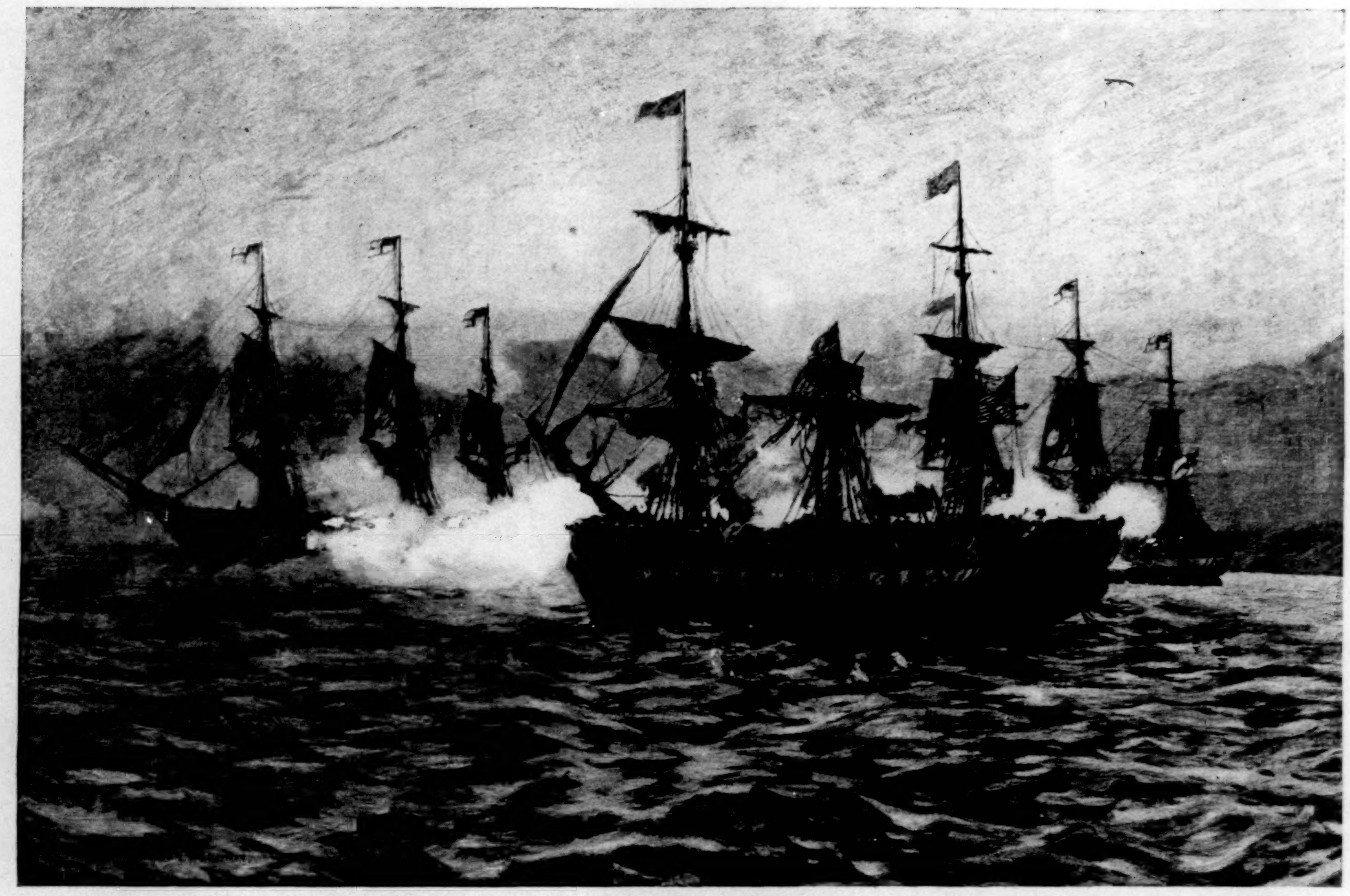
I hate that pernicious intruder, of yellow Mongolian hue,
And "the deuce" I shall raise when my minions secure the joint standard of "two";
We call it a scheme of great promise, for the people delightfully planned,
But you'll notice, when once it is going, it is *I* who will govern the land.

If the public is anxious to prosper, and revel in dollars galore,
Unless it be copper and iron, what metal can multiply more?
It is true the bright leaves of October, if backed by the government's word,
Might outdo me a little—but that would (perhaps) be a trifle absurd.

I think my apostles have shown what a glorious queen I should be.
Had they not themselves taken a part in "the crime of the year '73";
For if Congress had sworn to my value, and clung to the cult that was old,
I shouldn't be kicked now from contracts my courtiers themselves write in gold.

Let my foes call me "it" if they wish to, like things that inanimate be,
My lackeys know better, and bow to the lustrous, adorable "SHE";
I'm not in *their* eyes merely neuter, a part of the rocks and the ground,
I'm a being you mustn't "dishonor," a queen to be coddled and crowned.

Joel Benton.



THE "ESSEX" ATTACKED BY THE "PHŒBE" AND "CHERUB" OFF THE HARBOR OF VALPARAISO, MARCH 28, 1814.
FROM THE PAINTING BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

THE LOSS OF THE "ESSEX."

BY JAMES BARNES.

LATE in the fall of 1813 a little American brig made her way up the coast with a cargo that had once been consigned to some British merchants in the West Indies.

The little brig had also, a few months previously, flown the British flag, but now she came drifting into the harbor of New York under a prize-master and his crew, for she had been taken in the Gulf of Mexico by one of the privateers that had outfitted from New York.

She brought the news that only a short time before her capture three smart English vessels had stopped at the port in which she had lain at anchor. Two of these three vessels were sent from England on a special mission; it was intended that they should round the Horn and cruise in company in the Pacific Ocean in search of the frigate *Essex*, which had spread terror from China to South America, and had chased the British shipping off the western ocean.

On the 27th of October, 1812, the *Essex*, under the command of David Porter, a fearless and persistent fighter, had set sail from the United States on a cruise to the southward. The coast of Brazil was then the cruising-ground for a large force of English ships of war.

Porter, hearing that Bainbridge, after his action with the *Java*, had been forced to return to the United States, determined to make his way around the continent into the blue waters of the Pacific. He had made one important capture a few days before arriving at this last decision, for he had taken the *Nocton*, one of King George's packets, having on board eleven thousand pounds in specie.

After suffering severe hardships and meeting with many adverse winds and tides in rounding the Horn, he at last made his way along the harborless western coast, and arrived at Valparaiso on the 14th of March, 1813.

The *Essex's* crew had been on short allowance of water and small rations, but not a murmur of dissatisfaction had been raised throughout the voyage.

Having rested and victualled his ship, in a short time Porter hoisted his anchors, spread his sails, and sailed out to sea again.

He had been gone but a few days when he came across a Peruvian corsair, and ordering her to heave to, boarded her, and found, to his astonishment, that she had on board twenty-four American sailors, the crews of two whaling-ships which she had taken on the coast of Chili. When asked to explain his conduct, the Peruvian captain answered that, in view of the fact that his country was an ally of Great Britain, and that war was soon to be declared between Spain and America, he had taken matters into his own hand. Porter, much incensed, released the American sailors, and having thrown all the ammunition and guns of the rather previous pirate overboard, Porter let him go, with a letter to the Viceroy complaining of his conduct.

Just before the *Essex* entered the harbor of Lima she overhauled one of the corsair's prizes, replaced her crew on board of her, and sent them on their way to New Bedford rejoicing.

For a year the *Essex* cruised up and down the coast of South America, extending her voyages far to the westward, to the various islands, which were visited then infrequently by traders and whaling vessels.

During this cruise he frightened British commerce entirely from these waters, and the strange spectacle of seeing one ship in control of a vast territory was presented to the eyes of the world. The British Admiralty were vexed and astounded beyond measure. Here one day and there the next, Porter appeared to be in command of a fleet instead of a single frigate.

He had fitted one of the captured British whalers as a tender, and named her the *Essex Junior*, placing her under the command of Lieutenant Downes, giving her an armament of ten 18-pound carronades and ten short sixes, with a complement of sixty men.

At last, tiring of capturing merchantmen and glutted with the spoils of easy victories, Porter decided to look for larger game; for the news had been brought to him that the vessels which the little brig had reported at New York so long before were on their way, sailing under special orders to find him at all hazards.

His ship required repairing, and therefore he sailed, accompanied by his convoy of prizes, to the island of Nookaheeva, one of the Washington group, which had been discovered by Captain Ingraham, of Boston. He took possession in the name of the United States, and renamed it "Madison Island."

Here he cached many of his stores, and anchored three of the prizes well inshore. He erected, in a good position to command the small harbor, a small battery, and left Lieutenant Gamble, of the marines, and twenty-one men with orders to proceed to Valparaiso for a certain period. Two of the captures were given up to the prisoners and sent to England. Three had been sent to America, and some were already anchored in the neutral port of Valparaiso. It was December 12th when Porter set sail from Madison Island for the coast of Chili. The *Essex Junior* followed in his wake.

He arrived safely in the harbor, and had been there but a short time overhauling his spars and running-gear when two sails came in from the westward; they were the *Phœbe*, under the command of Captain Hillyar, and the *Cherub* sloop of war, both strongly armed, and manned with picked crews. These were the very ships that had been sent out to seek for the *Essex*.

No sooner had they come into sight of the long headland than they found the very ship they were so eager to meet within a short distance of them. Then it was plain that they were not going to allow him to escape.

As soon as they saw what vessel it was whose tall masts rose against the white walls of the town, both the *Phœbe* and the *Cherub* displayed flags with printed mottoes upon them, which the sailors on board the *Essex*, eager with curiosity, crowded into the rigging to read.

Porter had long flown a flag of his own with the motto, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights."

But, as if not to be outdone, the British commander threw to the air his strips of bunting with a motto of his own: "God and Country. British Sailors' Best Rights. Traitors Offend Both." (For it was a fallacy of the British that our ships were manned by deserters from the royal service.)

The sail-maker and his assistant were soon at work on board the American, and from the mizzenmast of the *Essex* appeared the next morning:

"God, Our Country, and Liberty. Tyrants Offend Both."

The British vessels, as they had come down the harbor upon their first entrance, had sailed quite close to the American—so close, indeed, that, in endeavoring to come about, the *Phœbe* had missed stays and fallen afoul of the *Essex*, presenting herself in position to be raked fore and aft; but Porter respected the neutrality of the port and restrained his fire.

Had he known what was going to happen within the next few weeks, there probably would have been a different termination to the *Essex's* glorious cruise.

The divisions were all at quarters, matches burning, and it was with difficulty that the feverish seamen could be held in check.

So close were the ships that the men standing at the guns on the British vessels could be easily seen, and even taunts were exchanged and grimaces were made from the bulwarks and through the open ports.

Sailing across to the other side of the harbor, and tacking again, the British vessels anchored near the entrance.

Now for some time ensued a remarkable condition of affairs. The commanders met on shore and exchanged gravely the courtesies which navy men extended to one another in those days, belligerents though they were. The shore parties of both forces meeting in town, under strict orders, for a wonder, managed to keep from fighting, but they were itching to be at it.

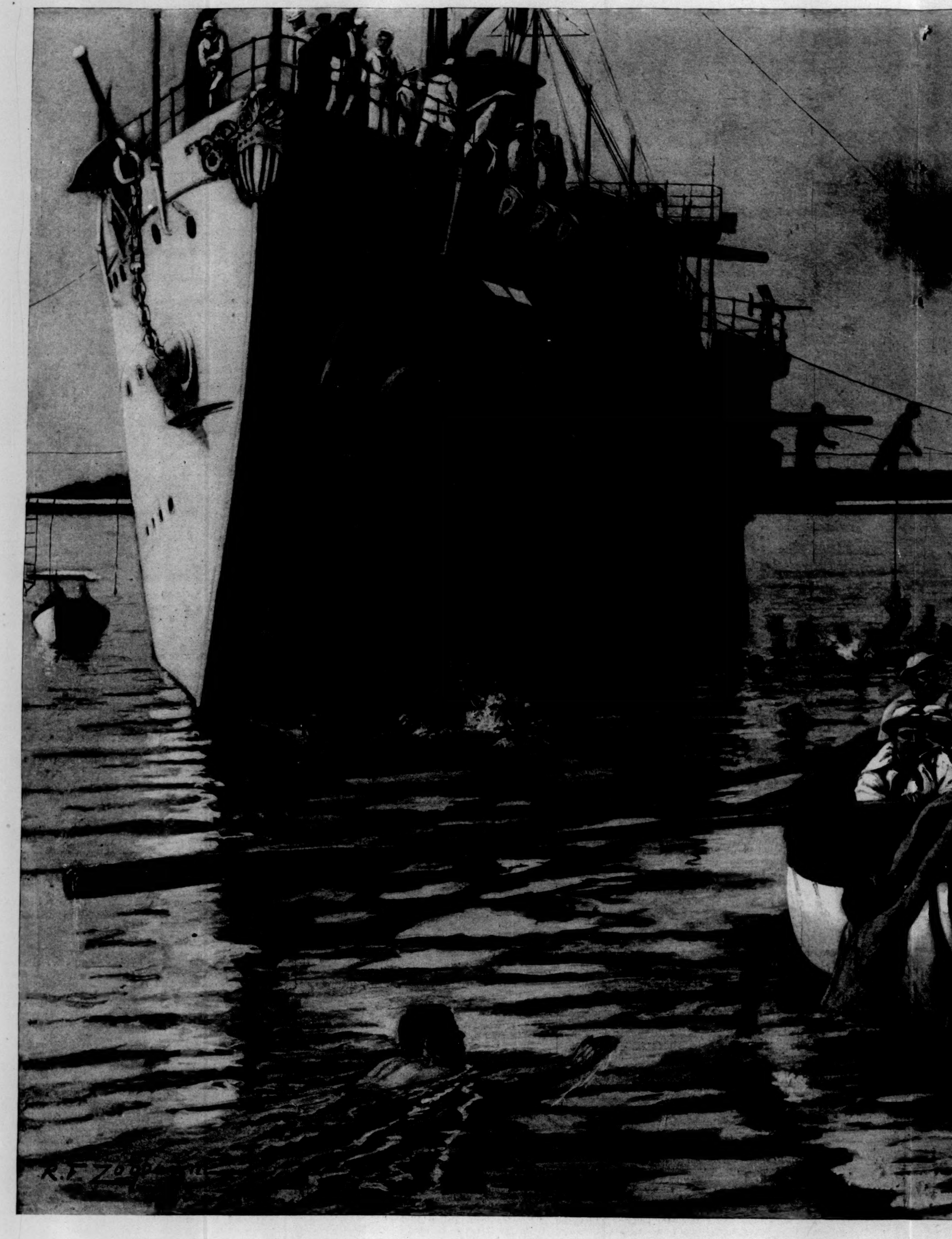
Many times had Porter tried to get a challenge from Captain Hillyar (as the *Essex* was the weaker vessel, he was not in a position to offer the challenge himself), and he let it be well understood that he would meet the *Phœbe* in open combat, and would agree that the *Essex Junior* should take no hand, on the condition that the *Cherub* also should remain inactive.

The prudence of Captain Hillyar cannot but be commended. He was under strict orders not to run any risks; he knew his enemy was at his mercy; but the *Essex* had been put down, as most of our cruisers were in those days, as "a dangerous nondescript," to quote from the British press of the time. In fact, many British frigates in the Atlantic waters, where the *Constitution* had gained her laurels, kept near to the great towering battle-ships—guard-ships, they were called.

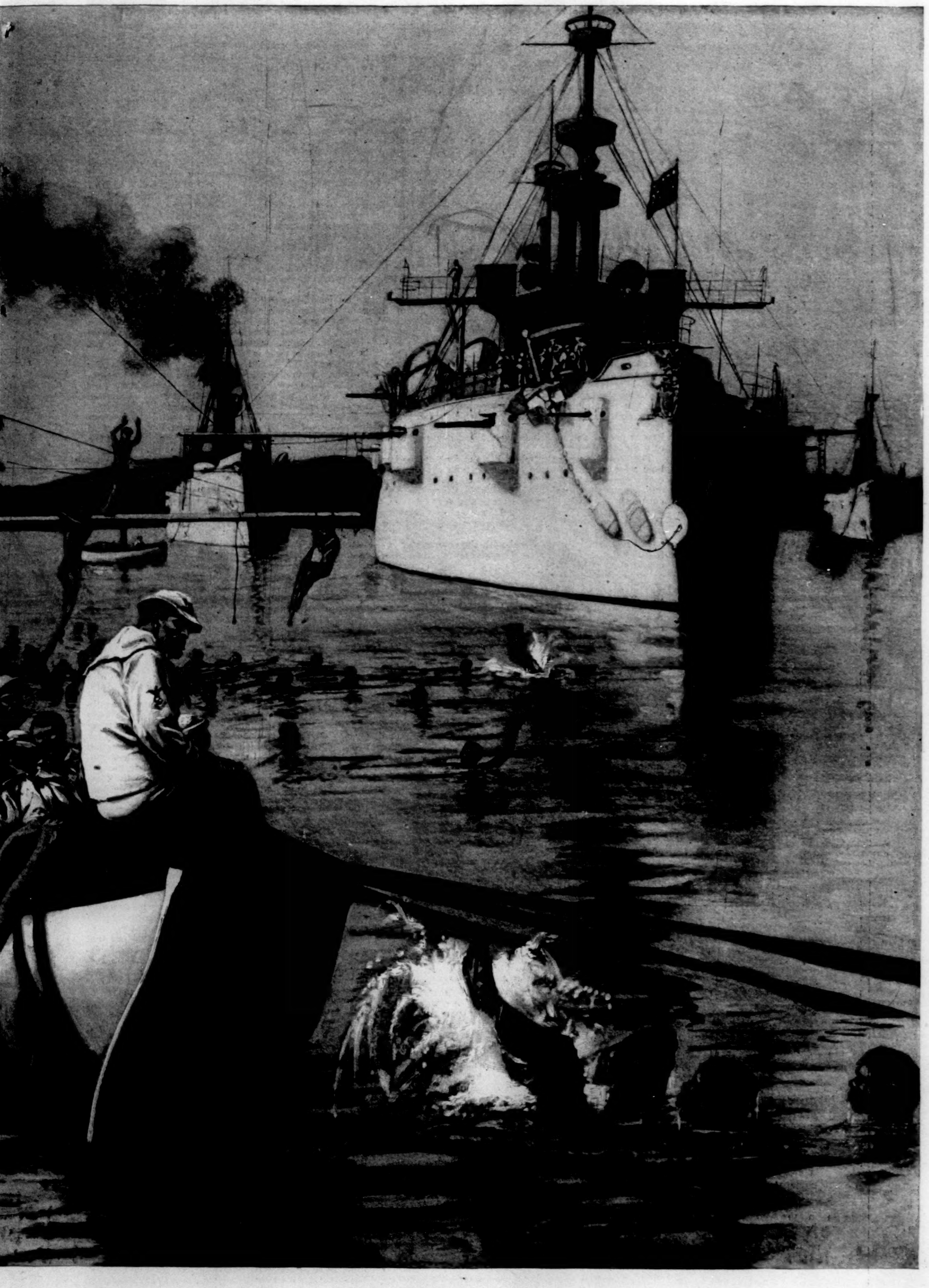
It was all arranged that if the *Essex* should show a tendency to make her way to sea, the *Phœbe* and *Cherub* would attack her simultaneously. That was their idea in sailing in each other's company.

Fearing that Porter might take advantage of a favorable wind to slip past them if they remained at anchor, Captain Hillyar left the harbor, and with the *Phœbe* proceeded to sea, where both ships patrolled up and down like sentries at a prison gate.

The united force of the English vessels amounted to eighty-one guns and five hundred men, in addition to



"HANDS TO BATHE!"—Drawn by R.



BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 629.]

which they had taken on board for the nonce the crew of an English letter of marque that was then lying in port.

The force of the *Essex* consisted of forty-six guns, all of which, except six long twelves, were 32-pound carronades, and useless except in close fighting. Her crew, much reduced by the manning of her many prizes, consisted of but two hundred and fifty men. The armament of the *Essex Junior* we have named before.

It was evident that as long as the British vessels remained where they were, the *Essex* was as good as captured. Something must be done, and with such a commander as Porter the boldest plan was the most attractive.

Many incidents had occurred to break the monotony of the blockade. Many times had he left his anchorage, spread his sails, and made a feint of leaving the harbor, and in all these trials he had found that his ship could give the others points and beat them, so far as sailing went.

On one occasion the British ships stood boldly in before the wind and bore down upon the *Essex*, part of whose crew had been given shore leave; but before the tars had gone far into the town they saw the approaching sails, and some crowded into the little native boats that were hauled up along the shore; many even started to swim back to their vessel.

The drum rolled and flags went up to the *Essex's* mastheads, but Hillyar at that moment respected the international law, hauled his wind, came to, and went back to his blockading.

After a consultation with Lieutenant Downes, it was decided by Porter that the period of inaction must be broken. A rendezvous was appointed, and it was agreed that the *Essex* should allow the British ships to chase her off shore, and give the *Essex Junior* a chance to make her escape.

The very next day after arriving at this decision the wind came on to blow fresh from the southward, and then followed a chapter of accidents as disastrous as ever happened to any one unlucky vessel.

Even in yacht-racing the best boat does not always win; no allowances are made for accidents, and hard luck is an element that cannot be forestalled, and thus it will always be in naval warfare. It must be confessed that the fates were against America on this day, the momentous 28th of March.

The wind, which had started with a fresh breeze, grew stronger and stronger, and the anchorage being hard ground, the *Essex* began to drag her anchors seaward. Suddenly her larboard cable parted, and she went at quite a rate of speed stern foremost toward the harbor entrance. The adventure could be put off no longer. Trusting in the superior sailing of the *Essex* to be able to work to windward, Porter hoisted his top-gallant sails, braced around his yards, and came close upon the wind.

The British vessels together crowded on all sail, and were off to leeward. In the white-caps there was very little sea, for the fitful wind was new and right off shore.

It looked as if the *Essex* were going to escape; but just as she rounded the point, the muzzles of her guns almost in the water, another link in the chain of unfortunate circumstances was forged, for there was a crash, and the maintopmast went by the board, broken short above the top. The men who were then lying out upon the yards went down with the great spar over the side, and all were drowned. It was impossible to sail, and the *Essex* brought up as if she had struck a shoal.

The English ships were now coming fast. Porter had no alternative but to endeavor to get back to the protection of the port; but he could not get to his former anchorage, hampered as he was by the wreckage at his side. He therefore made secure all sail upon his foremast and ran for shore, anchoring there about a pistol-shot distance from the beach, and three-quarters of a mile to leeward of the battery on the east side of the harbor. Here he worked industriously to clear his decks and cut away the tangled wreckage, but in the midst of this the crew of the *Essex* saw that they were not to be unmolested.

Hillyar had determined to take advantage of the moment, for the *Phœbe* and *Cherub* came down before the breeze, which was now dying away, and breaking all precedent of neutrality, he opened up his broadside upon his almost helpless antagonist. It was nearly four o'clock when the first gun was fired.

Porter, seeing that the action was going to begin, endeavored to get a spring upon his cable, and bring a broadside to bear upon the British ships. He hoisted every flag he had, at every point where he could reeve a halyard, awaiting quietly the nearer onslaught, and praying for close quarters.

The *Phœbe* placed herself under the stern, and the *Cherub* on his starboard bow; but so hot was the *Essex's* answer to the latter that she bore up and ran under his stern also; and now followed such slaughter as has hardly been equalled in naval warfare. From their positions they raked the hull of the *Essex* through and through, cutting long gashes in her sides, and aiming with precision, as if they were firing for practice at a helpless hull. Against all this destructive cannonade Porter could only bring to bear three long 12-pounders, which he had run out of the stern ports and the cabin windows, and well were they manned and served.

Two or three times did he manage to get a spring upon his cable, and had half turned his broadside toward the enemy, but every time was the hawser shot away, and the poor ship drifted back to her almost defenceless position. Some of the round shot and whole charges of grape from the *Phœbe's* guns swept the *Essex's* decks from stern-post to the heel of her bowsprit. Whole crews were slaughtered as they worked the few guns able to be brought to bear; but as fast as the men were shot or blown away their places were filled by others. At one gun fifteen men were killed, and as many wounded and carried below.

At this point in the combat Hillyar signalled the *Cherub*, and they both drew off to repair their damages, which were far from slight.

Again in a few minutes they came down before the wind, and took a new position athwart the *Essex's* bows. To this fire Porter could not bring a single gun to answer in return. His decks were red with blood. He had no time to move the wounded, and the dead lay huddled about in all directions. The shots now even entered the cockpit, for the men were killed as they lay on the operating-tables under the doctors' knife, and, to add to the horror, the *Essex* had caught on fire forward and aft.

Still undismayed, Porter determined to close with the enemy. The only sail that could be hoisted, owing to the mangled condition of the deck, was the flying-jib. He raised this, cut his cable, and ran down on both ships, with the intention of boarding the *Phœbe* if possible.

At the prospect of being able to fight back, his men revived again, and a cheer ran along the shattered decks.

As the running-gear of the enemy was still intact, they easily kept out of the *Essex's* way, and the *Phœbe* edged off, and choosing her distance, kept up her tremendous fire. Putting his helm hard down, Captain Porter, finding the wind had shifted slightly, determined to run his ship on shore, land the crew, and blow her up. He approached once more within musket-shot of the sandy beach, when, in an instant, the wind shifted from the land, as if the British had bribed the elements, and once more the *Essex* was driving down upon the *Phœbe*. But her tiller-ropes were shot away, and the poor hulk was totally unmanageable.

At this moment one of the strangest incidents of the whole affair occurred.

Lieutenant Downes, of the *Essex Junior*, which still lay at her old anchorage under the guns at the battery, loaded one of his boats and rowed through the fierce fusillade down to his superior officer. He came on board through a port, but his services could be of no avail. After a consultation, Porter ordered him to return to his own ship, and be prepared for defending her or destroying her in case of an attack. So Downes loaded his boat with wounded, and leaving some of his crew on board the *Essex* to make room for them, he started to make his way back to his own little vessel. The enemy did not respect his cargo or his gallant action, but opened a hot fire upon him as he returned. Luckily, however, the small cutter escaped swamping, and the men at the long oars jumped her through the water at a rapid rate, despite the plashing of the bullets all around them.

Horrible was now the position of the American frigate. Her commander, in his desperation, persisted in the almost hopeless conflict. He succeeded by bending a hawser to the sheet-anchor in bringing his ship's head around; the few remaining guns of his broadside opened once more, and, strange to say, the *Phœbe*, which received this last and almost expiring effort, was beaten off; but the hawser parted, and with it failed the last lingering hope of the *Essex*.

The fires that were started on her gun-deck and in her hold were bursting up the hatchways, and a bundle of cartridges exploded, killing two men, and word was given out that the fire was near the magazine. Every boat was cut to pieces; it was three-quarters of a mile from shore.

Thinking that the ship might blow up at any moment, Porter gave orders to those who could swim to jump overboard and make for land.

The few remaining on board with the commander extinguished the fire. Porter immediately summoned a consultation of his officers, and was surprised to find that only one responded—Acting Lieutenant Stephen Decatur McKnight; the others were killed, or below, disabled by their wounds.

The late Admiral Farragut, who was a midshipman on board the *Essex*, had displayed wonderful courage throughout the engagement. He was one of the few midshipmen who were able to keep the deck.

Nothing could be done. The enemy in the smooth water had chosen their distance, and were firing by divisions in a deliberate, careful way, with coolness and accuracy. Almost every shot struck, and at twenty minutes past six, Captain Porter, almost weeping from the excess of his grief, gave orders to strike the colors. It is probable that the enemy did not perceive his action; for ten minutes longer the terrible destruction continued; and once more, thinking that Hillyar was going to show no quarter, the brave American was about to hoist his flag again and fight until he sank, when the fire of the enemy suddenly ceased.

Thus ended one of the most bloody and obstinately contested actions in naval record. Out of the two hundred and fifty-five men composing her crew, the *Essex* had but one hundred and fifty-one, including some of the wounded, able to stand on her decks. Fifty-eight were killed outright, fifty wounded, and thirty-one had been drowned.

The inhabitants of the city during the action had crowded to the shore. Their sympathies had been all with the American. When they had seen the various times when the *Essex* appeared to gain a slight advantage their cheers could be heard coming across the water. So close had the action been fought that many of the round shot from the *Phœbe's* guns had struck the land, and some of the spectators had been wounded.

When the British officer boarded the captured vessel, so shocking was the sight that met his eyes as he came upon the deck that, used to scenes of carnage though he was, he staggered back and almost fainted, struck with the sickening horror.

The loss of the *Phœbe* and *Cherub* has never been ascertained, but it must have been severe. The former had received eighteen 12-pound shot below her water-line; her first lieutenant was killed, and her spars were badly wounded. It was with some difficulty that she had been kept afloat, and it was with more difficulty still that the *Essex* could be prevented from going to the bottom.

Captain Porter and his crew were paroled, and permitted to return to the United States in the *Essex Junior*, her armament having previously been taken out. When off New York Harbor they were overhauled by a razee frigate, the *Saturn*, of his Majesty's service, which questioned the authority of the English commander to grant a passport to his prisoners.

All night the *Saturn* held the unarmed *Essex Junior* under her lee; but the next morning, taking advantage of a slight gray fog, Porter put off in his boat and rowed thirty miles to the shore, landing safely on Long Island.

To quote from the contemporaries again.

"His reception in the United States has been such as great service and distinguished valor deserve. The various interesting and romantic rumors that had reached this country concerning him during his cruise in the Pacific had excited the curiosity of the public to see this modern 'Sindbad,' and, arriving in New York, his carriage was surrounded by the populace, who took out the horses, and dragged him, with shouts and acclamations, to his lodgings."

The American commander's own account of the affair, which appears in a little volume entitled *Porter's Narrative*, shows well the spirit of this doughty old seaman, who, to use the expression applied to him, "had rather have fought than ate."

So virulent, however, were his tirades against the conduct of Captain Hillyar that it is only just to take into consideration that the latter commander, by refusing to take advantage of the many circumstances, would have missed entirely the object of his sailing from England, and his conduct has found many defenders among the writers of history on the other side of the water.

AT PLAY IN NEW YORK STREETS.

In accordance with the way you look at a street you receive your impressions. Norfolk Street, New York, is not the Nevski Prospekt of St. Petersburg, though there are more Russian Jews in the East Side of New York than in either the new or the old capital of the Czar. Ostensibly my tour is one of inspection. I am a self-appointed commissioner, intent only on looking at the condition of certain streets in this East Side. I am fairly well acquainted with the quarter. I have seen it at its worst—nasty, filthy, malodorous, often impassable from the foul quagmires accumulated in the thoroughfares. Having studied somewhat the sanitary condition of streets in our large cities, I know they vary according to the seasons. They are at their worst when melons are cheapest. Then there must be increase of garbage. I watch now for orange and banana peels. Poor people have a perfect right to eat fruit, but I see few traces of peelings. I go up and down many streets—miles of streets—and I find them clean. The poulterer in this quarter sells his fowls unplucked; and in other days, when there was a breeze, I have been almost stifled by little whirlwinds of chickens' feathers. How it has been managed I do not know; but now there is entire absence of fluff.

It is nearly 6 P.M., and I have been steadily walking for an hour. I am like the simple-minded person who complained that he could not see the city for the houses, for as I walk up and down Norfolk Street I can hardly see the street proper because of the children.

Mr. Rogers, who has made such a truthful and interesting picture of the street, is quite positive that he counted one thousand children in one block. Maybe that was the total when an organ-grinder hived the children. Wanting to be statistical, I do try and figure up the little ones in one block, but the result is no result. It is a dismal failure. If I could have bidden a child to stand stock-still, and not budge for its life, I might have made the census. But the children were as running water. There was an eddy here, another there, and then these would break up, ripple away, and join other currents. The fifties would divide up and make, apparently, in some strange way, two groups, and I could count forty-eight in the one, and thirty-five in the other, and where the extra children came from I could not divine. I did, however, surround one pretty accumulation of little girls. There were thirty-seven of them, all told, wedged in on a narrow door-step. As they were playing school, they were probably much more in earnest and motionless than had they been actually in the presence of their teacher. I know I could find the place again, because it was near a house where, on a tin sign, there was painted this notice:

REFINED DANCING-SCHOOL

AND

BALLROOM.

I never saw such swarms of children. Before some public building the sidewalk was impassable. Little boys and girls were playing knucklebone. There was not room enough on the flagging for all of them, and so they sat down in the street, which street was quite as clean and soft as the sidewalk. I made my way through them gingerly, as would the performer of a pas seul in an egg-dance, fearful of treading on a hand or a foot. Then what were the advantages of an asphalt street in a poor quarter struck me. If I had wanted to play knucklebone, I should have at once selected the more roomy street for my game.

One thing which was a marvel to me, and never noticed before by me, was the effect produced by the voices of the multitudinous children. As the street was asphalted there was no ugly rumble of carts over the rough stones. The babble of the little ones blended pleasantly, soothingly, and mounted up and up into the air without a dissonance. If there was the cry of a mother, calling for Rebecca or Esther, it lost its raucous quality in the sweeter harmony of the children voices. It was the most impressive of musical phrasings, a natural pæan of praise.

As I watched the street I was suddenly conscious that a new element was present. All of a sudden the kaleidoscope went to pieces. Children darted about in all directions and gave over playing. I puzzled over it for a moment and then understood the cause. For want of a better phrase I venture to call this new incident "The Return of the Sisters." Here, trooping in by threes and fours, were the shop-girls, the working-girls coming from various parts of the great city, for in this poor quarter were their homes. Maybe they were not all sisters. Some of them may have been young mothers. There were natty hats, some with two feathers in them, enlivening the streets, and the children would zigzag and tear around, and finding their particular object of adoration, would be kissed and hugged. These sisters evidently were classed as belonging to a higher and greater world. Every now and then a sister would take out of her pocket or bag a little packet, candy possibly, and a child would bubble over for joy. One handsome girl, superbly graceful, probably hired for her fine form to set off cloaks or waists, was neatly gloved, and she gave her gloved hand to a dirty-fingered little one, who held tight on to it, and off marched the two. Remember that endless love, devotion to the family, is exercised in this East Side.

After this interlude came an organ, and then there was tumult. Just as far as the wiry sounds could reach, children had heard them, and they swooped in from all the adjacent blocks, and they danced, and danced wonderfully well. They waltzed and they reversed, and there were fancy steps, resultant possibly of the "refined dancing-school," and skirts were shaken out, and there was some high kicking, and one little girl, shod in a sister's big shoes, was over-energetic, and so one of her shoes went off into space, and after describing a fine parabolic curve it landed plump in the middle of a newspaper printed in

Yiddish, which journal an old man was reading, who was seated on his cellar door. The patriarch was blessed with an exquisite temper, for he held the old slipshod shoe aloft, and presently the little dancer reclaimed her property, and for thanks she prettily kissed the old cobbler.

Some one, who is not alone theoretically wise but practically acquainted with the poorer quarters of cities, says, that "house environment powerfully affects social welfare." If house environment does that much, what may not street environment do? Mr. Edward P. North, submitting to the Commissioner of Public Works of the city of New York the matter of asphalted streets, explains thoroughly what are their many advantages.

Do what you may—lay your granite blocks on the most lasting of foundations, fill up the interstices with cement—you can never get a smooth surface, and not having a level surface, you can never cleanse such a street properly. In the cracks of a rough pavement lurk the germs of disease. If you think that after infinite pains your pavement looks clean, it is only on the surface. The work is superficial, for between the cracks you have left the poison, and the soil absorbs it, and so cholera and the zymotic diseases accumulate there and fester.

Why, asks Mr. North, should the streets bordering on Fifth Avenue, over which so many nice equipages roll, be asphalted, while the streets where are the poor classes, who have no carriages, are left rough, uneven, so as to retain the taints of garbage? The fathers and mothers who live in the choicer portions of New York may take their children and give them an airing in the Park. Then, too, these fortunate little ones have ample room at home to run about in and play. Those who live in the tenement districts have no such facilities. The street is forcedly the play-ground for these poorer children, and why not, since you cannot help it—why not make the street possible? If the old cobble-stone street is a remnant of barbarity, the granite block is only a partial improvement, and this block pavement causes disease, fixes it, "and is a constant menace to infant and adult life."

Wanting to be more exact on the subject of differences in cleansing stone block and asphalt pavements, information was asked of Colonel George E. Waring, Jun., the Commissioner of Street-Cleaning, and at once a reply came from Mr. William Robbins, the Superintendent: "A given area of street surface which, if paved with stone block, would require the labor of three men to keep clean, could, if paved with asphalt, be properly cleaned and kept clean by two men.... In my opinion, if all the streets to be cleaned were paved with asphalt, the work could be thoroughly done by an average of three men to the mile."

In 1891, based upon practical tests, the estimate was made that to clean the stone pavements in New York seventeen hundred men would be required, giving "an average of more than four and a half men to a mile." The Superintendent adds: "While it is much more easy to clean asphalt pavements than stone, it is more difficult to keep it clean in appearance, for the reason that the smallest amount of dirt shows upon asphalt pavement and gives it an unclean appearance, while a stone pavement will appear clean after having been properly swept, although there will be lodged in the crevices between the stones an amount of dirt sufficient to give a filthy appearance to an asphalt pavement.... Another advantage of asphalt pavement is that it can be flushed or washed down whenever necessary without injury to the pavement."

As I go along the many streets it is not alone the normally bad condition of a cobble or granite block street which strikes me. Though there has been cleansing done, for it rained a day or two before, still I can see the ooze between the stones, which can never be gotten rid of. There are rough places, indentations, ridges, which are bound to get worse in time. The asphalted pavements are clean. A good rain may have helped, but sweepers have been at work, and at once their presence is perceptible.

The comfort of those who live in the streets is worthy of consideration. Do not men and women wear themselves out as quickly in Essex Street as in Fifth Avenue? Why should the poorer class have their sleep and rest disturbed? Above all, it is a simple question of sanitation. Stone-paved streets harbor impurities. Asphalted streets do not. Questions of cost Mr. North presents. An asphalt pavement costs $3 80 per square yard, a granite one, $3 14; but this $3 80 includes the cost of keeping asphalted streets in repair for fifteen years, whereas a granite pavement will break down in a year, and then has to be renewed. In street-cleaning, the cost of sweeping the asphalt pavement is very much less, and takes, too, a much shorter time, than for a stone one; and when the asphalt pavement is cleaned there is a closer approach to sanitary conditions; you can see the skin of the streets.

What Mr. Chamberlain said when he was Mayor of Birmingham is worth repeating. Birmingham was filthy. Sanitary reforms were mooted. "It is going to increase our rates," said the tax-payers. "It might be a question of rates," was Mr. Chamberlain's reply, "but it is rather a question of life or death."

Because I saw many little bare feet running around on the asphalted streets of the East Side, and these feet not much soiled, I was satisfied that the vast improvement in these congested quarters was due in the largest measure to the better care taken of them by Colonel George E. Waring, Jun., Superintendent of Street-Cleaning of New York city.

BARNET PHILLIPS.

RHODES'S "HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES."

A *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850*, by James Ford Rhodes, appeared about two years ago. Only a few of the author's friends knew of his studies, and perhaps not one in ten of the best-informed scholars in American history had ever heard his name. Critics took up the two large volumes with reluctance, but they soon had the pleasure of discovering a new and important historian. They were surprised not to encounter old prejudices, but to find that he had gone into many new and unexplored fields for his material, and that his conclusions were based upon the most reliable evidence. The style was simple and clear, the expression frank and judicious. It had not Von Holst's deep philosophy, nor McMaster's picturesqueness, nor Schouler's crisp, spirited expression; but it carried the reader along easily from point to point, won his entire confidence, and compelled unquestioning admiration Rarely has a history called forth so much praise and so little criticism.

These volumes brought the story down to the election of 1860. The third volume is now before us. Beginning with a chapter on the characteristics and resources of the United States between 1850 and 1860, it continues the narrative to the rejoicings over Grant's first victories in the West, and over the capture of New Orleans, in the spring of 1862. In no other history can one find so satisfactory a treatment of the material prosperity of our people prior to 1860; of the wonderful growth of our railroads, and of the various problems that they developed; of our merchant marine, and of the enthusiastic but futile efforts to establish an American transatlantic line of steamers by means of subsidies; of the history of the heroic efforts to lay an Atlantic cable, and of many other subjects which previous historians have barely mentioned or entirely slighted.

The tariffs of 1846 and 1857, about which economists and politicians have carried on so many vain disputes, are carefully discussed. From business experience and study Mr. Rhodes is in favor of a low tariff. For many years he (and his father before him) was extensively interested in coal and iron in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and he speaks with the double authority of a careful scholar and of a successful business man: "There is no reason whatever for thinking that, had the tariff of 1842 remained in force, things would have fallen out much differently. The other causes explain the effects." Elsewhere he says: "No country on earth, argued Webster in 1824, needs protection to its industries as little as the United States.... Now when manufacturers, ceasing to rely on their own ability and energy, appeal to Congress to make business better or to keep it from getting worse, do they not unite 'with avowed contempt for abstract principles and generalizations' an 'unlimited faith in a motley assemblage of nominees of caucuses, ruled by ignorant and fanatical wire-pullers?'" Of the iron industry he says: "How frequent is the statement that the magnificent development of the iron industry in the past generation has been due to our protective policy! But in what has this progress consisted? It has consisted in the cheapening of pig-iron by the improvements in the construction of the blast-furnace; by the use of better fuel, and less of the better fuel per ton of metal; by a study of effects brought about by a mechanical mixture of different ores, and by the introduction of chemical analysis in every stage of operation; by the practical application of the Bessemer process, and the substitution of steel for iron; and by economy of work, and the use of improved machinery in every department of manufacture." Facts have convinced him that the tariff of 1857 had very little relation to the panic of that year. The chief objection to it was that it did not produce sufficient revenue, but he believes that this defect would have disappeared with the revival of business, and that if the civil war had not occurred, "protection would not later have been any considerable element in our tariff legislation."

The historian expresses his conviction that municipal corruption and the use of money in politics are evils of a late growth; that the health and the diet of the people as a whole have vastly improved since the *ante bellum* period; that there have been marked and beneficial changes in the way Americans, men and women, take their exercise and employ their leisure; that art, music, and the theatre, which then were restrained or exotic, have since become general and indigenous; that literature was then only in the swelling bud; that our morals then and now are so high because our women are good and our men so industrious.

Special strength is shown in the thorough treatment of the period between the election of 1860 and the firing upon Fort Sumter. Of the vast material covering this critical time, hardly anything has escaped Mr. Rhodes's researches. He has mastered the field. The whole story of the development of the movement for secession, and of the opposition, or the failure to oppose on the part of the government, is told with fulness. The tendency to excuse Buchanan, which was created by his biographer, and encouraged by Mr. Blaine's favorable chapter, will be permanently checked. Mr. Rhodes's narrative and judgments will bring back upon the weak and timid old President the condemnation which his acts deserved. We may be sure that there will be no more serious disputes on that point. "Assuming that war was probably inevitable in 1861, and that Buchanan believed it to be so, a grave indictment against him is that he threw away many of the advantages which the North had in the possession of the national government, and in an established administrative system.... Since destiny pointed to certain war and the doom of the Southern cause, the better the preparation of the North, the shorter would have been the conflict, and the less the suffering." After December, when all the secessionists had left the cabinet, and Black became its leading spirit, the historian faithfully shows that Buchanan was less cowardly.

Mr. Rhodes has not written from an exclusively Northern point of view. He has sought out the true motives that influenced the Southern people, and some of his best descriptions and characterizations are of their affairs and leaders. Writing about the status in South Carolina in December, 1860, he says: "The luxury-loving people of Charleston began making sacrifices of their taste for adornment and their love of display. Economy became the fashion. The patrician ladies bought no new gowns; superb silks were no longer seen. The scions of their rich houses laid aside their dandified suits for sailors' uniforms, and were proud to carry a musket.... There were no concerts, no balls, and no weddings. The priests of the Episcopal Church, in the prayer for all in civil authority, omitted the usual supplication for the President of the United States.... The stars and stripes floated over Fort Moultrie, but were nowhere else to be seen; palmetto flags had taken the place of the national ensign."

For Alexander H. Stephens Mr. Rhodes has generous praise. Davis, Toombs, and others are judged with historical fairness, and in such a way as will surprise many at the North who have always thought of them as merely dishonorable schemers. Two sentences will show his disposition toward Lee: "A careful survey of his character and life must lead the student of men and affairs to see that the course he took was, from his point of view, and judged by his inexorable and pure conscience, the path of duty, to which a high sense of honor called him.... For surely, as the years go on, we shall see that such a life can be judged by no partisan measure, and we shall come to look upon him as the English of our day regard Washington, whom little more than a century ago they delighted to call a rebel." The accounts of the secession of South Carolina and of the attack upon Fort Sumter are glowing and picturesque.

Mr. Rhodes leaves no room to doubt that that secession was in the interest of slavery, and not chiefly for any constitutional reasons. He makes it equally plain that the complaints against the personal-liberty laws of the North were insincere, for the States were rapidly repealing them, and all would have been laid aside if the South had shown a little patience. Still, he wholly rejects the common theory that the secession movement was a conspiracy, and he even accepts the idea that the Southern people were so resolute that it would have been impossible for their leaders to make a compromise. Subsequent writers may dispute, or perhaps overthrow, some of his conclusions, but their task will be a difficult one. As yet no one has handled these questions with so firm a grasp. He inspires confidence, for we feel that his opinions are reached only after the most painstaking investigations.

The description of the uprising in defence of the Union is vigorous and impressive: "The blood of this people was stirred as it had not been stirred since the days of the Revolution. The sentiment of patriotism rose supreme in all hearts. The service of the country superseded bread-winning labor and business, and called for the sacrifice on its altar of parental feeling and wifely tenderness. It was the uprising of a great people.... Men who had never dreamed of a soldier's life hurried to enlist. Laborers, mechanics, clerks, students and professors of colleges, many sons of wealthy and influential families, enrolled themselves for the common cause.... Individuals, towns, cities, and States offered money freely."

England's attitude toward the United States during the first year of the war is explained with fulness and impartiality. The intimate correspondence which Charles Sumner carried on with Bright, Cobden, and others has been used to the best advantage, and adds much to our knowledge of the currents and counter-currents of English opinion. Especially during the few weeks when the *Trent* case was under consideration it shows the influences which were pushing Great Britain toward war, and also those which were preparing to urge arbitration in case the surrender of Mason and Slidell should be refused.

The best test of a historian's impartiality is his treatment of public men. The Southern leaders, like the Northern, are judged only after a careful weighing of the evidence. The virtues of Lee, Johnston, and Jackson are described with enthusiasm. The story of Fremont's showy and unfortunate campaign in Missouri will convince the reader that the "Pathfinder's" genius did not extend to military affairs. Heretofore historians have evaded or apologized for Simon Cameron's record as Secretary of War. Mr. Rhodes has carefully dug out and told the facts. McClellan, too, receives an unfavorable verdict, but it is given after a careful review of his opportunities and failures. For Grant the historian feels warm sympathy, but it does not prevent him from telling the whole truth about the drunkenness and shiftlessness of his life for a decade before the civil war. It is expected that the fourth volume will complete the history of the war. Mr. Rhodes intends to bring his narrative down to 1885. Since last autumn he has been on a long vacation of travel in Europe and Africa, hoping to repair the strength consumed in preparing what is now before the public. His friends and readers will be glad to learn that he is soon to return to his work. Hereafter he will live in Boston instead of Cambridge.

FREDERIC BANCROFT.

MY INDEPENDENCE DAY.

LET him, who will, burn powder, ring bells, and make a noise,
And list to windy orators, if that's what he enjoys
And deems a sane, appropriate, and nineteenth-century way
To celebrate the glorious date of Independence Day;

Or let him toil and strain and strive in some athletic game,
Or else beneath a broiling sun sit down to watch the same,
Or join the hot perspiring crowds on an excursion boat
That think they must be happy just because they are afloat;

Or let him do a thousand things that eager minds invent
To lure the wary dollar and corral the nimble cent
Of the patriotic citizen who tries hard to be gay,
"Because," thinks he, "I ought to be," but doesn't know the way.

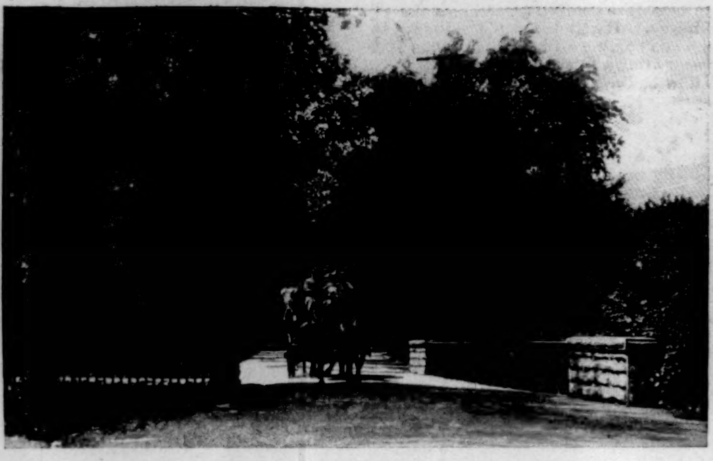
But let me rather steal away to some secluded spot,
Where, lost in sylvan solitudes, with all life's cares forgot,
Unmoved by moss-grown custom, or by what the neighbors say,
I'll celebrate, at any rate, my independence day.

H. G. PAINE.

COACHING FROM BUFFALO TO NIAGARA FALLS.

UNTIL recently the travelling Englishman knew Buffalo principally as the place "where one stopped for breakfast or lunch on the way to the Falls," much to the chagrin of the inhabitants of that enterprising city. But within the past few weeks the Briton at Niagara Falls must have remembered the Queen City of the Lakes more pleasantly as the city "where one took coach for Niagara Falls." For since May 28th the wheels of that fine coach, the Vivid, now redubbed the Red Jacket, which made the long run between New York and Philadelphia all last spring, have been whirling over the roads from Buffalo to Niagara Falls.

It was early last winter that Mr. Seward Cary, of Buffalo, conceived the idea of starting a coaching line between Buffalo and Niagara Falls, and, with that idea in view, he purchased the Vivid, than which there was no better coach in America. He sent to Montana for twenty-six thoroughbreds, and spent the early spring in breaking them in to accurate work as wheelers and leaders. By the middle of May all was ready, and it was arranged that the coach should start on its first trip May 28th. The run was

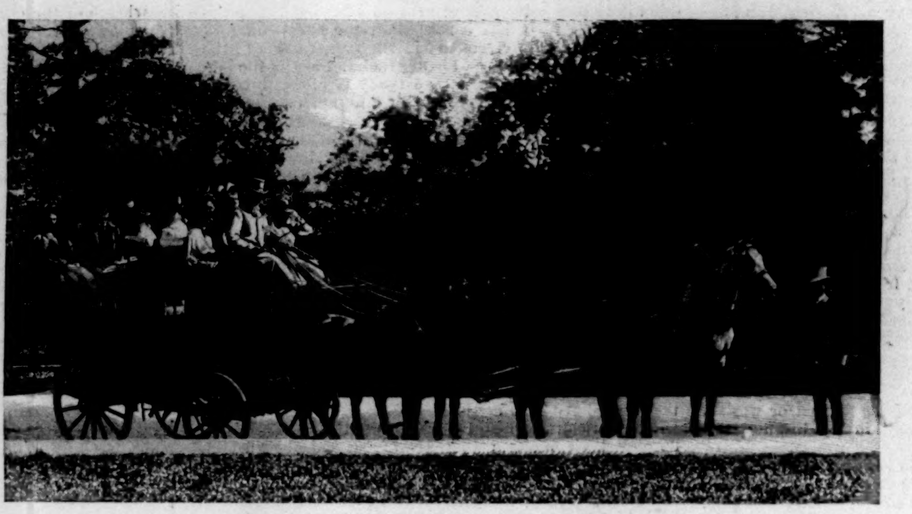


THROUGH THE BUFFALO PARK.

DRIVING BY THE PEACH ORCHARDS.

to be out through Buffalo to Tonawanda, along the banks of the Niagara River, and hence by a détour through quaint country towns to the Cataract House in Niagara Falls. Certainly no man in western New York was more competent to carry out such a scheme successfully. There is no better whip in the western part of the State, no keener huntsman in the Genesee Valley, than Seward Cary; and though the end of this first season's coaching will see a slight deficit, in every other way this scheme of Mr. Cary's has been a pronounced success, and makes probable the continuation of these trips next fall and spring.

The incoming traveller sees to the east of Buffalo little else but a succession of barren fields and rickety one-story huts. But to the north it is far different, and it is to the north that you ride on the Red Jacket. You clamber up to your seat on the coach, as it stands in front of the Genesee Hotel, a few minutes before ten o'clock in the morning, and congratulate yourself and your fellow-travellers that the day is so fine for the drive. At ten sharp Mr. Cary mounts the box, and as the grooms "let 'em go," the leaders are whirled quickly around, the guard blows his horn, and you give a short gasp of pleasure. Into Delaware Avenue you bowl—the fashionable thoroughfare of the city, which begins at a prison and ends four miles away in a cemetery. There on your right, as you turn into the avenue, is President Fillmore's old home, and farther up the street is the stone palace of Mr. William H. Gratwick, the last house that Richardson, the Boston architect, designed before he died. You run through continuous rows of velvet lawns, innumerable trees, and charming residences, and do not wonder at Buffalo's claim to recognition as the city of homes.



A STOP AT THE BUFFALO COUNTRY CLUB.

In a very few minutes—barely fifteen—you are on the hard roadway of the park, not so large as Central Park in New York, but fully as beautiful, as you yourself are almost ready to admit to your Buffalo host. The horses scamper over the lake bridge, and around the graceful curves of the Meadow drive. You catch a glimpse of the Country Club, with its cool, inviting piazzas fronting the polo-field, where in days gone by the Buffalo men have given the crack Eastern teams many a hard-fought game. A dash through Kenmore and other rapidly growing suburbs of Buffalo, a few minutes in sparsely settled country districts, and you are in Tonawanda, noted for two things—for being the largest lumber market in the world, and the home of Hinkey, the football player.

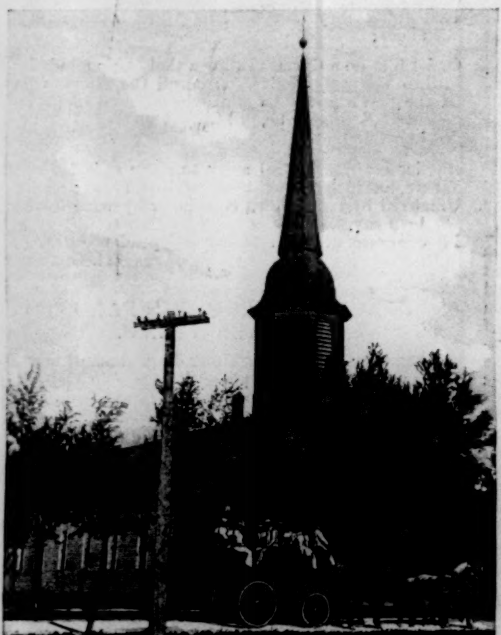
It is here that the first change of horses is made. Swiftly the straps and traces are unfastened, the new wheelers and leaders are backed into place, and straps and traces again tightened. Through a curious crowd of children and open-mouthed lumber-shifters the coach starts off with its second relay. Over the Erie Canal and past white piles of lumber, blistering in the sun, you drive. By eleven o'clock you are bowling along by the river-bank, where the Niagara seems first to feel the throb that pulses its life away in the rapids eight miles below. A few miles along the bank, and then the whip turns the leaders sharply to the right, not far from the point where La Salle built the *Griffin*. A détour is taken through the picturesque communities of St. Johnsbury and Bergholtz. Very isolated are these two quaint towns from all the surrounding country. They were settled years ago by sturdy Prussian Lutherans, and are fully fifty years behind the neighboring villages and townships. Communistic ideas are not wanting, however, and the town meeting is so much valued that when Mr. Cary sought stabling room in Bergholtz, a meeting of all the citizens was held to deliberate gravely upon the matter, and only after much wise wrangling in the German tongue was permission granted.

Shy children, oddly attired, and gawky youths with hobnailed shoes and broken suspenders, crowd around the coach, after the first wonderment is over, for it is the first coach that has ever disturbed the quiet of Bergholtz. They gaze open-mouthed at the gay livery of the guard, at the long coat and beaver hat of the whip, at the garish colors of the coach itself, and start, half afraid, as the guard blows his horn and the coach dashes away.

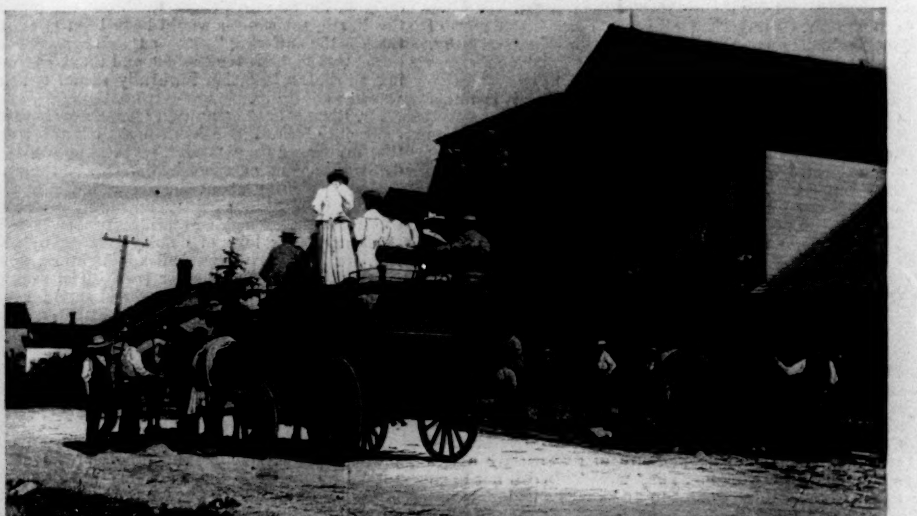
Up a hill or two, through stretches of forest, and past peach and apple orchards, and soon the coach is at the outskirts of Niagara Falls. On every hand you see evidences of the activity and energy which are to make Niagara Falls the electrical centre of the country—manufactories building, power-houses almost completed, and rows of working-men's houses springing up like mushrooms in the night. As you turn from all this material activity into Buffalo Street, you drive past the historic General Porter mansion, under a restless foliage through which the dust of the mid-day sunshine is capriciously sifted. The roar of the Falls has been sounding louder and louder in your ears, and, yes—at last, the whip reins up his leaders in front of the Cataract House, within a stone's-throw of the roistering waters which separate you from Goat Island.

"A few minutes past twelve, sir," responds the guard, in answer to your inquiry, and you know you are on time. Four hours for luncheon and sight-seeing, and then, if you have paid five dollars for the round trip, you start on the homeward journey. The entire distance of fifty-two miles—twenty-six miles each way—with six relays, has been covered in a little over four hours—a higher average of speed than that attained in the run of the Vivid from New York to Philadelphia; you have enjoyed every minute of the drive, and are glad to know that the trips of the Red Jacket are probably to become a permanent feature of the fall and the spring seasons in western New York.

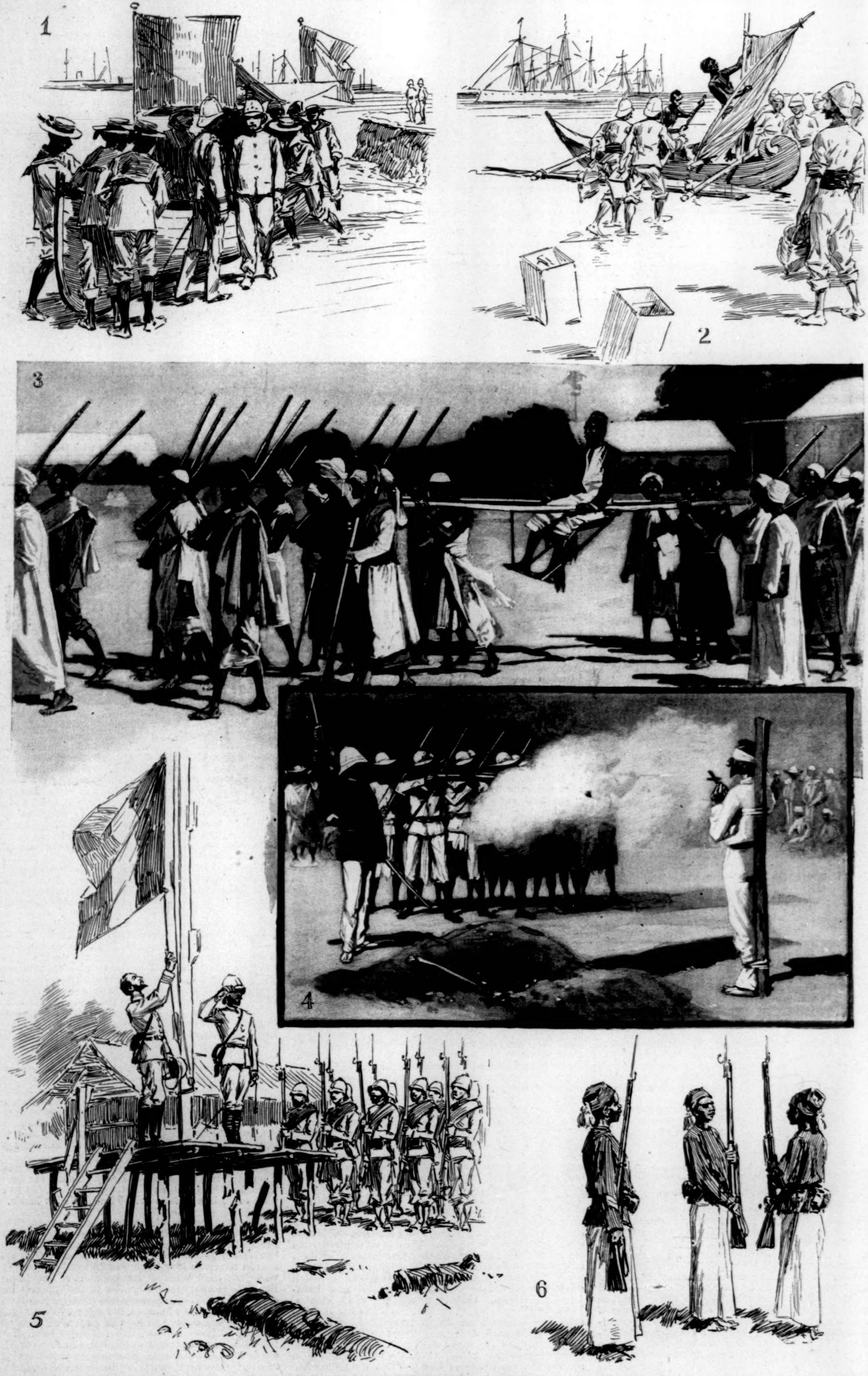
WALTER CLARK NICHOLS.



THE OLD LUTHERAN CHURCH AT BERGHOLTZ.



CHANGING HORSES AT BERGHOLTZ.



THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR.—[See Page 640.]

1. General Duchesne's arrival at Majunga. 2. Beaching a fishing-pirogue at Majunga. 3. Selim, Chief of the Sakalavas, on his way to submit himself to General Metzinger. 4. Shooting of Léopold Grévé by the Hovas (native troops) in the Square at Mahabo. 5. Commander Bienaimé raising the French Standard at Marovoay, May 2d. 6. Malagasy Infantry (French native troops)—relieving a Sentinel.

VALUE OF THE KAISER WILHELM CANAL TO COMMERCE.

Now that the smoke of the war-ships at the formal opening of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal has cleared away, and the advantages of the new waterway to Germany from a military stand-point have been made apparent by a remarkable naval demonstration, discussion has arisen as to the value of the canal to commerce. Emperor William in his addresses at the opening repeatedly asserted with emphasis that the canal was a work of peace, and built for the nations of the world in the advancement of commerce.

It was seen at the opening that the canal was not entirely ready for business. Several of the vessels in the parade that passed through, following the Emperor on his yacht *Hohenzollern*, grounded, and although all were extricated in two or three hours at the most, it was found that in several places dredging will have to be used to make the bottom entirely even. This will take only a few weeks at most. The canal itself was proved to be a complete success.

Statisticians have calculated that the commerce between the North and Baltic seas averaged in 1889 more than 18,000,000 tons. It is calculated that fully two-thirds of this shipping will use the canal in due time. The saving per ton for those vessels which use the waterway instead of passing around Denmark's coast is estimated at an average of twenty-five cents a ton. This will come chiefly from reduced coal consumption and the shortening of time. The distance saved in a journey from Hamburg to the Baltic will be 425 miles; from Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Dunkirk, and London will be from 236 to 238 miles. The time for passing through for steam craft at about 5½ miles an hour will be 13 hours, and for sailing craft, by the use of tugs, from two to three days.

It is estimated that the canal will attract commerce from every port south of Hull, England. Scotch shipping would save only from 100 to 150 miles by passing through. This would be a small advantage, owing to the length of time required for the passage. There is a regular steamship traffic between the two seas, to whose advantage it would be to use the canal of 250,000 tons a month, or 3,000,000 tons a year.

A weightier advantage than the mere saving of money is the safety of the new waterway. The Danish and Swedish coasts, with the immense traffic passing through the Skager-Rack, and the frequency of fogs and violent storms, are places most dreaded by navigators. From 1858 to 1885 no less than 6316 vessels were lost on these coasts. The average is 200 a year, and the loss of life is unusually large.

It is expected that traffic will be slow to use the canal at first. The toll rates have been fixed to pay a low interest on the $40,000,000 the canal has cost. Germany is willing to accept a small return on the capital invested, because of the great strategic value of the canal to her as a nation, and it is declared that no effort will be spared to induce the commerce of the world to make use of the waterway.

In the opening of the canal Emperor William has attracted the largest share of public attention. Friends of Prince Bismarck are now pointing out that for twenty-five years he had been urging the completion of the canal, in spite of the opposition of the military authorities, chief of whom was Moltke. The completion of the canal, Bismarck's friends assert, is really an added honor to the glories of the Iron Statesman.

THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR.

The French expeditionary corps at Madagascar was recently reported as being half-way on the road leading from Majunga on the western coast to Antananarivo, the capital of the great African island. The march onward commenced practically soon after the landing, on the 6th of May, of General Duchesne, commander-in-chief of the military operations all over Madagascar, which has been invaded at three different points since November, 1894, after the French Chambers had voted $13,000,000, or 65,000,000 francs, towards the expenses of the expedition. Of course this amount of money is already swallowed up, since no less than 15,000 men all told, soldiers, marines, artillerymen, sailors, mechanics, engineers, and assistants in the quartermaster and medical departments, have been shipped, together with hundreds of mules, and a large consignment of ammunition and provisions on board of many vessels chartered by the French government from private French and even English navigation companies. It is proper to notice that the one thousand cases of absinth, that deadly liquor, so injurious to the French colonial troops, which were among the first goods landed at Majunga, were smuggled there before the police of the port was fully organized. The expenses already incurred and the slow progress of the expedition, though the final result can hardly fail to be in favor of the French, strengthen temporarily the arguments of the Opposition, which hesitated to vote the appropriation of $13,000,000, declaring that this new colonial expedition, no more necessary than those of the Tonquin and Siam, would finally cost at least double the credit asked by the government. The majority of the Chamber decided to assert the alleged historical rights of France over Madagascar, or, rather, to compel that country to observe the treaty of 1885.

French colonists had established themselves in the African island as early as in 1612, and since Richelieu every government of France had been careful to maintain the prestige and extend the possessions of its country at Madagascar, along the coasts of which Fort Dauphin and some other military and colonial posts were founded. When the Hovas tribe had succeeded in imposing its rule over the other Malagasy tribes, it suffered impatiently the moral rather than effective supremacy which France had exerted for two centuries in Madagascar, and which had been almost officially recognized by the treaty signed in 1868, thanks to the able diplomacy and gentle influence of Messrs. Laborde and Lambert, former French representatives at the Silver Palace, the Queen's residence at Antananarivo. In violation of that treaty, French colonists were deprived of the privileges and rights thereby granted to them, and some of them ill-treated. War was declared by France in 1883, and it was at that time that a Malagasy special mission went to Washington in the hope of securing American sympathies through the signing of a commercial convention, which has remained a dead letter on account of the opening of hostilities with France and of their consequences. During two years Admirals Pierre, Galiber, and Miot cruised along the coasts of Madagascar, bombarding in turn Majunga, Tamatave, and other minor seaports. Admiral Miot attempted, after having occupied Tamatave, to penetrate a few miles inland, but he had not a sufficient force with him, and he was repulsed by the Hovas, intrenched behind earth-works at Farafate, a kind of suburb of Tamatave. Three months later, on December 17, 1885, a treaty was signed at Antananarivo, putting an end to those hostilities, which, though not endangering the safety of the Hova government, cost it the loss of custom-house receipts, since the French blockade prevented any commerce with the island.

It is the practical unobservance by the Hovas of that treaty of 1885 which has brought about the present war. It was very ambiguously worded, at least, as admitted even by the French themselves, who accused their plenipotentiaries, Admiral Miot and Minister Patrimonio, of inexplicable carelessness. The French intended that the treaty should give them the protectorate of Madagascar; but this word is not written at all in the diplomatic instrument of 1885. More than that, while the Malagasy text merely says that the French Resident shall "look over, contemplate," the foreign relations of Madagascar, the French text says that this Resident shall "preside over" said relations. The result of this voluntary or involuntary protocol misunderstanding was that the Hova government declined to recognize the French protectorate, which had been, however, "recognized with all its consequences," in 1890, by Germany and England. Foreign consuls, for instance, who were bound to ask for their exequatur papers from the Queen, through the French Resident, did not obtain them. Anarchy prevailed, therefore, in the relations between Madagascar and foreign countries, causing trouble and sufferings all around. Moreover, the French colonists were subjected to all kinds of outrage, deprived of their rights and concessions, and some of them, like explorer Müller, assassinated. The French Resident-General at Antananarivo was ordered to leave the country by his own government. A special mission, headed by M. le Myre de Villers, who had been formerly Resident, was sent to Madagascar on a peaceful errand. But no arrangement could be arrived at, and the French Chambers voted last November the credit above mentioned for the war.

Preparations were immediately commenced—for it was known, after the experiment of the war in 1883–5, that nothing serious could be accomplished if only naval operations were to be resorted to. A real invasion and occupation of the island were decided upon, and the difficulties of the military expedition were not minimized. They were known to be great and numerous, on account of the distance which separates Madagascar from France, twenty-two days' sailing from Marseilles to Majunga, and of the climatic and other conditions of the African island.

Madagascar is, after Borneo and New Guinea, the largest island in the world. It is separated from Africa by the Mozambique Canal, a branch of the Indian Ocean, about ninety miles wide, and its territory is as large as that of France, Belgium, and Holland put together. The population has been estimated by some travellers as low as 3,000,000, and by others as high as 6,000,000, all included under the name of Malagasy, though there are very distinct groups, like that of the aborigen Sakalavas, and that of the Hovas, the dominant tribe, which is of Malayan origin. The name of Madagascar was not used generally by the natives, who called their country "The land amidst the waters." The island was first mentioned by Marco Polo, about in 1280, as Magadosho, or Madagascar; but it was named St. Laurent by the Portuguese Lorenzo d'Almeida, the first European who landed there; and, later on, "Ile Dauphine," by the French, in 1642–4. The coast region is very low, especially on the eastern side, and quite insalubrious. As said by Prince Henri d'Orléans, who travelled through the island two years ago, the country "is enchanting along the coast, but it cannot deceive those who have been in similar regions. Behind the delicious fruits, under the cool umbrages, in the very roots, along the rivers, and on the edges of the pools—everywhere is hiding the terrible poison, which Europeans inhabiting there are unavoidably compelled to absorb, fever. All of them will have to fight the malady; most will be weakened in the fight; many will lose health, and some their life; very few will be those who will not lose anything in the battle."

These words of an eminent scientific explorer give an insight of the dreadful significance to be attached to the usual saying of the Hovas, "Our country is protected mainly by two generals—General Fever and General Forest." The latter begins to show his power as soon as the coast region is left behind. There is a belt of forests, hardly practicable, which surrounds the entire island, and through which it is necessary to pass before reaching the central plateau. The average altitude there is about 1200 metres above the level of the sea; Antananarivo, the capital, is at 1420 metres. From those heights many rivers flow to the eastern and western coasts of Madagascar, but principally to the latter. The Mangourou has 400 kilometres in length, and the Betsiboka 500; but most of them are not navigable on account of rapids, and at their mouths they form immense pestilential lagoons. It is easy to understand that in such a country, composed of low and high lands, most of the products of the tropical and temperate zones can be raised; but the principal production is that of rice and the breeding of immense herds of beeves. The inhabitants are far from being industrious, and they buy from Europe and America the largest quantity of their necessaries. They have received from there, too, the religion which they practise, most of them as a matter of form, especially in cities and big villages, where the chiefs have been, like their Queen and high officials, converted to Christianity, and frequent indifferently the Roman Catholic or the Protestant temples. However, Norwegian, American, and English missionaries, together with the Jesuit fathers, have succeeded in raising the level of civilization among the Malagasys, though many of the pagan customs are still kept up in remote parts of the island, where the natives believe in sorcery and the power of idols. These people are like grown children, of wild character, and easily governed. Slavery, which is predominant in some large estates, recalls to mind the serfdom condition of the Middle Ages, and not the slavery as it was known in the latter centuries. The Malagasy slaves are considered and treated as the inferior members of the family, who have their share of work to perform in that family's general interest. But when their task is finished they enjoy themselves, and are often seen, as related by the missionaries, at rest in a hammock upon the veranda, while their master's wife is doing some rough work in the yard or the field near by. The Malagasys have rather loose morals in regard to chastity, and polygamy is practised by some of them, but seldom in cities and by the educated class of people. They have great respect for the dead; cemeteries are always located in dense forests, and heavy chastisements inflicted upon those who would till the ground in the immediate vicinity of the graves, which are called poetically "the cold house." At Majunga and Tamatave, when the Malagasys saw the ice-cakes landed from the ships, they called them "water in stone, stony water." Antananarivo, the capital, contains a little more than one hundred thousand inhabitants. It enjoys a splendid climate, quite temperate, as the city is built on the central plateau of Imérina, much above the level of the sea. There are some magnificent constructions, among them the palace of Queen Ranavalona, near an immense square, where she passed recently the review of her army. The latter is composed of from thirty to fifty thousand men, according to the different valuations of travellers. It was commanded during the war of 1883–5 by the famous English Colonel Digby Willoughby, and more recently by Colonel Shervinton, who has resigned his command on account of the jealousy with which the Hovas "Honneurs" or military chiefs saw a foreigner at the head of their native forces. There are sixteen "Honneurs" in the Malagasy army—that word which is so often used in despatches and correspondence relative to Madagascar indicates the military standing of the soldiers and chiefs, a private being first "Honneur," a captain sixth, and a division general eleventh "Honneur." The Hova army has had up to the present time only a few skirmishes with the French; and it appears that they have bravely fought, though compelled to retreat before the advance of the expeditionary corps. This one has accomplished probably the most difficult portion of its task—it has reached Metavanana, and left behind it the unhealthy region of the coast, where Colonel Gillon, commandant of the principal regiment of the expedition, died from dysentery. The French troops have yet about two hundred miles to run over, through a difficult and mountainous ground, before reaching Antananarivo, where they expect to be in the middle of July.

THIS BUSY WORLD

One is reminded by the circumstances of the marriage of the son of a well-known man who lately died, to the daughter of a man also well known, and who died not long ago, of what the Bible says about visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children. The newspapers say that the marriage did not commend itself to the bride's family because the groom's father had made a great fortune by means which are commonly held in this generation to be disreputable. It does not appear, however, that there is anything amiss with the groom himself, or that he is other than a clever and laborious young man of good habits and exemplary personal character. If he is all that, the bride's family have done well in becoming quickly reconciled to the young people. In old times, Scriptural times especially, it was the fashion to visit a man's sins not only on himself, but on all his wives and children. As civilization has advanced, that sort of retribution has fallen into desuetude, and the disposition has grown constantly stronger to let every man stand on his own legs, and to limit his responsibility for misconduct to the misconduct he is personally guilty of. There are certain sins of the fathers that in the course of nature the children, or some of them, are certain to suffer from, but there are other forms of misdemeanor from which not only they do not suffer, but even seem to derive material benefit. It seems, on the whole, wisest and most just for society to let the fathers' sins do their own visiting by automatic processes, and where they don't visit, to give the children a fair show, and make the best of them. There are very bad strains in some good families, and very good strains in some families of impaired repute. Some good people have inferior children and take inferior care of them, and some people of much worse reputation have very promising children, and train them well. Children may improve on the standards of their parents as well as fall away from them; and surely if one had to make a choice between a good man's bad son and a bad man's good son, there would be no occasion for hesitation.

Add this, that society's estimate of character is imperfect, and that some men are rated bad because their misdemeanors were of public notoriety, and others are rated good because their sins are private and were never found out, so that the bad father of the good son may have been less black than he seemed, and the bad son's good father less white.

Nature's retribution is much more intelligent as well as more inexorable than that of society can ever be, and when Nature shows herself competent to attend to any piece of business it is as well to leave it in her hands.

Policeman Slattery, of Brooklyn, has been in trouble because when Andrew Plum fell into the plaza fountain at Prospect Park he not only refrained from getting him out, but hindered several other men who came up from going in after him. Andrew Plum was drowned in four feet of water, and there was a strong sentiment of resentment in Brooklyn toward Slattery because of the apparent imbecility of his behavior. Slattery said the boy was drowned before he got to the fountain, but other witnesses contradicted his statement, and he was suspended from office pending an investigation. It is important in all drowning cases first to get the victim out, and find out afterwards whether he is dead. Speculations as to the vitality of a body that has newly fallen in are untimely, and subject the speculator to embarrassing criticism. Another thing that is important, especially to a park policeman, is to distinguish the relative importance of a little boy who is playing around a deep fountain and one who has fallen into it. So long as the child keeps out of the water he is (to a policeman) merely an objectionable feature of park life, but immediately he falls in, he should be the one important object in the neighborhood, and nothing should count until he is pulled out.

HARPER'S BAZAR of this date contains the opening chapters of "Dr. Warrick's Daughters," a new story by Rebecca Harding Davis, and the first she has contributed to any periodical for more than ten years. Its scene, the BAZAR tells us, opens in Pennsylvania after the war, but much of the action takes place in the Southwest, a part of the country with which Mrs. Davis is familiar, and which gives opportunity for much picturesque description. The story will be illustrated by Clifford Carleton, and will run through the rest of the year. The BAZAR says it is full of movement and populous with marked types of character in strong contrast.

In declining the LL.D. degree offered him by Wilberforce University (Ohio). President Cleveland writes that he is not a college graduate, and having already declined a similar honor from one of America's greatest universities, he feels constrained to keep on declining. The fact that a man didn't go to college creates no insurmountable presumption that he may not learn enough to warrant making him a doctor of laws in later life. Mr. Cleveland must know pretty nearly enough to justify him in accepting any degree that comes his way. Perhaps by the time he has finished being President he will feel himself fully competent, and consent to have his accomplishments formally recognized at a university Commencement.

The impression exists in some corners of Boston that Mr. Macmonnies' Bacchante is not quite bookish enough to be a suitable adornment for the Public Library. The young woman has shed her raiment, even to her spectacles, and has struck an untrammelled and joyous attitude not in any way suggestive of erudition or aspirations after culture. She is criticised not unintelligently, nor necessarily because she is nude; nor is it objected that she suggests too close an affiliation with the liquor interests. She is beautiful; that is not denied; but some of the Bostonians think that in the library court she is out of place. These criticisms are respectable, but still here's a-hoping that they may not prove effectual. Much learning is traditionally wearisome, and it would seem to be a reasonable assumption that a great library needs a foil. The spirit sometimes sags before a great collection of books at the thought of the huge and hopeless task it is to assimilate even a little of what they contain. It is a solace at such moments to be reminded that culture is not the only thing that makes life worth living, and that existence without an alphabet might be a glad business if youth were perennial and the sun always shone. A couple of nice babies to play in the fountain of that library court would perhaps make the most reviving picture, but a grown-up child like Mr. Macmonnies' Bacchante is a good substitute for them, and has the merit of being much better able to endure continuous moisture in the Boston climate.

The great drug business of which the late William Henry Schieffelin was the head was begun in New York in 1794, and the late senior partner of the firm was of the fourth generation from its founder. His son, William Jay Schieffelin, who is also of the firm, stands for the fifth generation. There is something reassuring in this continuance of a family in successful business in New York from father to son through more than a century. New York is often thought of as a hurrying city which uses families up, but here is one that has lasted, and the members of which have stuck to their business in spite of such temptations to quit as might naturally arise from ample means and a multiplication of opportunities to strike work and take to pleasuring. The Schieffelin who started the business came from Philadelphia, and perhaps he brought with him the strain of dutiful persistence which has kept the firm agoing. Yet though he may have been wisely conservative in his business methods, he was far from being an old fogy, since it is recorded of him that his partnership with his brother-in-law, Mr. Lawrence, was dissolved because Mr. Jacob Schieffelin desired to make certain commercial ventures which Mr. Lawrence did not care to share.

It is interesting to notice, in glancing through the record of the Schieffelin family which has formed part of some of the obituaries of the member of it who has died, that its representatives have never found it necessary to eschew trade for any social reasons. They have connected themselves by marriage in every generation with New York families of distinction, and yet the best-known branch of the family to-day is the one which is most closely identified with the hereditary firm.

Another thing that is noticeable is that the late Mr. Schieffelin's connection with business did not hinder him in early life from getting his full share of travel and adventure and from going to the war. In 1860, when he was twenty-four years old, he led an exploring party across the Rocky Mountains, returning in time to go to the front with the Seventh Regiment in 1862. He continued in active service until the war closed. After that he devoted himself to the business of the Schieffelin Brothers, of which firm he was then a member, and which was succeeded by the firm which bears his own name.

Perhaps no one needs to be reminded that to be a successful merchant in New York is a very considerable and satisfying career, which no man who is fit for it need desire to exchange for any other. But if any one has the impression that "business" is a species of drudgery which it is good for a family to be in as long as it needs money, and to get out of as soon as it has enough, a little acquaintance with the course of the Schieffelin family may help to correct that impression. A family that has a great business in a great city has something more than a mere source of income, since it has a great machine, a great school, wherein the more promising of its younger members can find, first, the training that is needed to develop them, and next the opportunity to do something after they have learned how.

The one fault to be found with Mr. Schieffelin as a typical New York merchant is that he did not live quite long enough. He was only fifty-nine years old, and he died from the effects of acute dyspepsia. That was much too young, and dyspepsia, too, is a disease that exposes its victim to the presumptive reproach of having taken too little recreation.

Not many men have made their mark more definitely or apparently more permanently on New York than the late James Renwick, who died on June 23d. He built Grace Church on Broadway, and the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, two of the most familiar and best-known edifices in the city. He also built the Y.M.C.A. building and Booth's Theatre on Twenty-third Street. But his work on that street would perhaps be a more satisfactory monument to him if the theatre had been left stand and the Association building taken down. Among other buildings that he designed were St. Bartholomew's Church, the Church of the Covenant, and Calvary Church (on Fourth Avenue) in New York, St. Ann's in Brooklyn, the Corcoran Gallery and the new building of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, and the Vassar College building at Poughkeepsie.

E. S. MARTIN.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION
is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.—[*Adv.*]

To flavor your cold drinks use only Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

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What is the use of being clean? Why not, with luxurious soap?

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Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

PERSONAL LOVELINESS

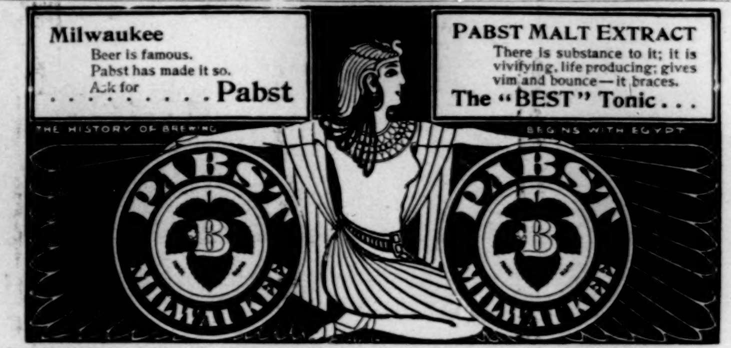
is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice

FRAGRANT
SOZODONT

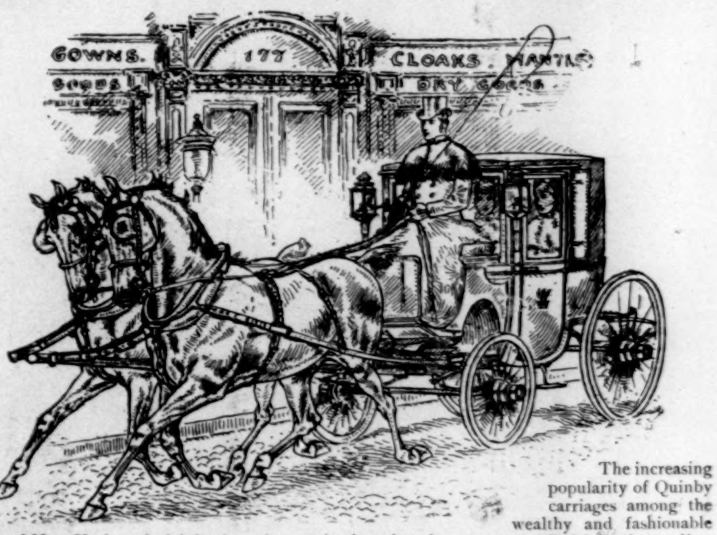
which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. **Sozodont** is in high favor with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.

On the road

When hot, dusty and thirsty, there's nothing so cooling and refreshing as a glass of
HIRES Rootbeer
CARBONATED.
Sold by the bottle and glass wherever temperance drinks are sold. Drink as much of it as you like. Pure, wholesome, invigorating—will give you strength for the rest of the run—an enemy to nothing but thirst.
THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia.



Established 1834: J. M. QUINBY & CO., Makers of Fine Carriages, NEWARK, N. J.



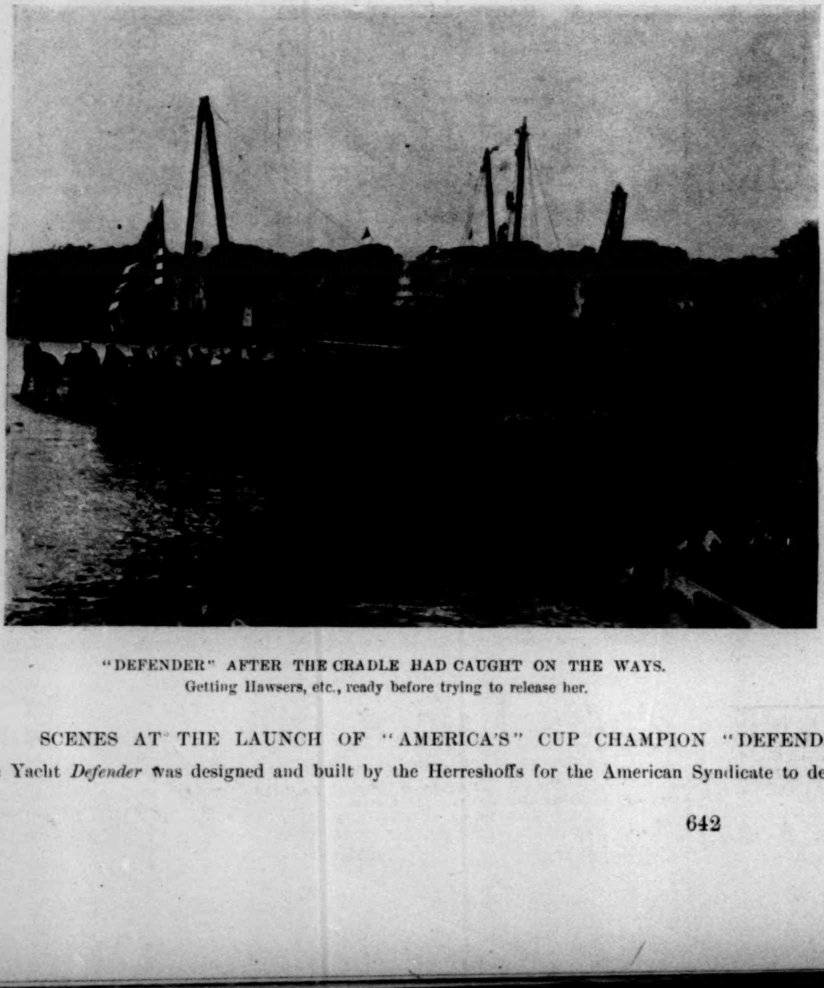
The increasing popularity of Quinby carriages among the wealthy and fashionable people of New York and vicinity is owing to the fact that they are unexcelled in style, quality, and finish, and can be purchased at one minimum profit on the cost of production, direct from the Makers. Warerooms and factory occupy the block opposite the Broad Street station of the D., L. & W. R. R. at Newark, thirty minutes from Christopher or Barclay Street, New York. Upon request will forward photos of any desired style.

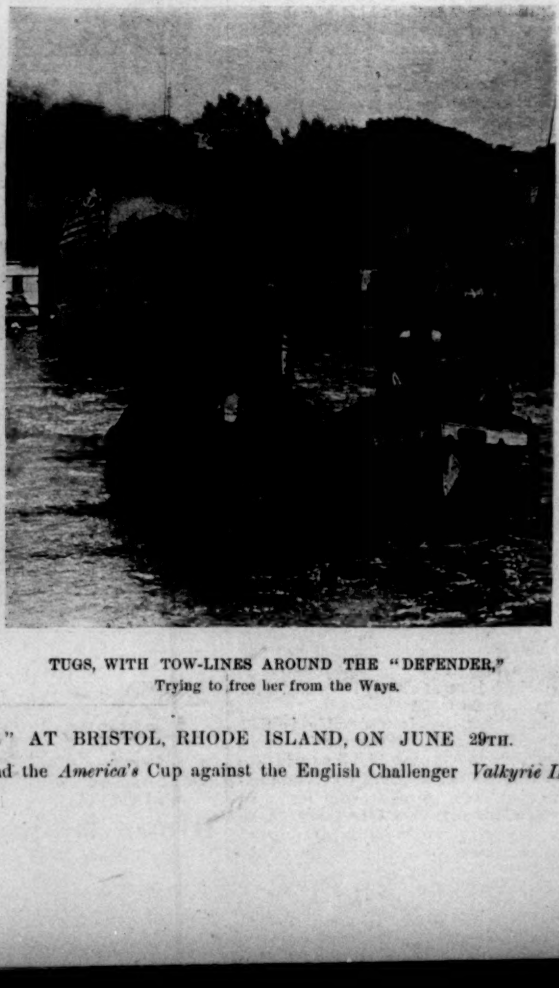
Rae's Lucca Oil The Perfection - - - - of Olive Oil.
Received the following awards at the COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.
"For Purity, Sweetness, and Fine, Olive Flavor."
"For Excellence of the Product and Size of Manufacture."
GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY S. Rae & Co.
Leghorn, Italy. Established 1836.

Cornell.
Columbia.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE RACE, JUNE 24TH—COLUMBIA LEADING BY FOUR OR FIVE LENGTHS JUST BEFORE REACHING THE 3-MILE POINT.
Photographed from a Pier of the Poughkeepsie Bridge after Seven o'Clock at Night in a Drizzling Rain.

THE "DEFENDER" MOVING DOWN THE WAYS SHORTLY BEFORE THE CATCHING OF HER CRADLE.

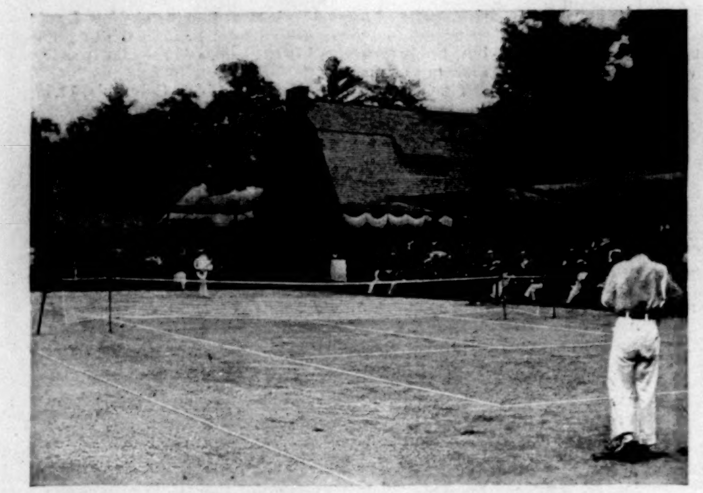




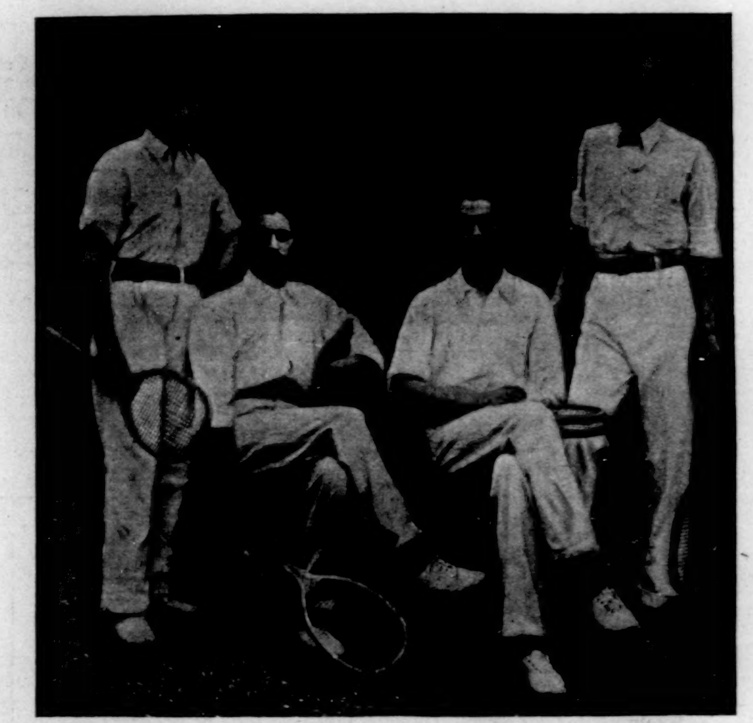
"DEFENDER" AFTER THE CRADLE HAD CAUGHT ON THE WAYS.
Getting Hawsers, etc., ready before trying to release her.

TUGS, WITH TOW-LINES AROUND THE "DEFENDER,"
Trying to free her from the Ways.

SCENES AT THE LAUNCH OF "AMERICA'S" CUP CHAMPION "DEFENDER" AT BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND, ON JUNE 29TH.
The Yacht *Defender* was designed and built by the Herreshoffs for the American Syndicate to defend the *America's* Cup against the English Challenger *Valkyrie III.*



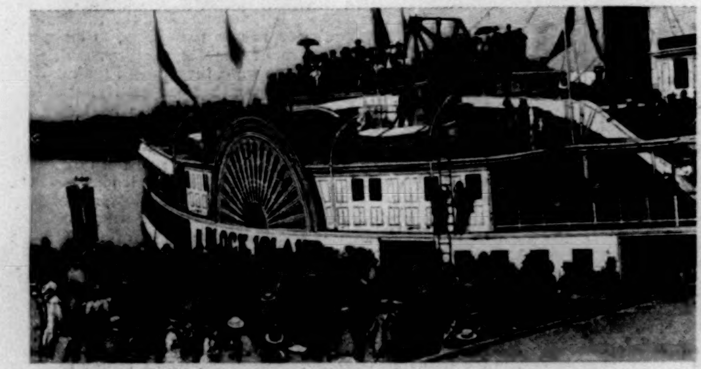
INTERNATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB, WEST NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS.



HOVEY, PIM, MAHONEY, AND HOBART.

AMATEVR · SPORT

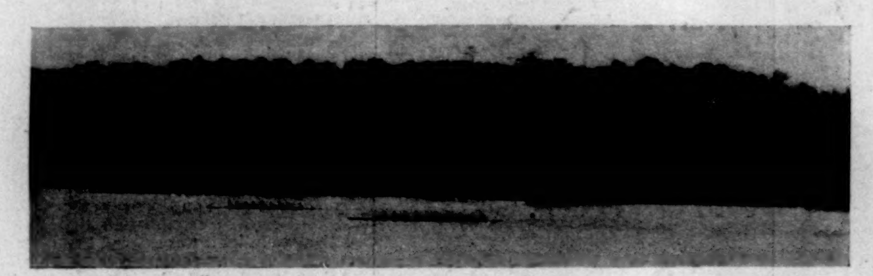
THE HARVARD-YALE RACE OF 1895 may be written down as having attained at least the distinction of novelty. It was the first one in five years in which both crews maintained their form throughout the race. In '91, Harvard's last victory, Yale went to pieces. In every race since that time Harvard's crew has gone to pieces.



ONE WAY OF SEEING THE HARVARD-YALE RACE.

WAITING FOR THE OBSERVATION TRAIN.

GEORGE ADEE AND COACH COOK ANNOUNCING TIME TO PRESS BOAT.



AT THE HALF-MILE—YALE LEADING.

This is the first year in the last five that the two strokes, pure and simple, have been fairly and squarely tested. There has been little doubt in the minds of most men who follow these matters closely, and have enough knowledge to judge, of the superiority of the Yale stroke. This is the first time, however, that it has been possible to compare the two throughout the entire four miles. The difference between the two must have been patent to every careful observer last Friday.

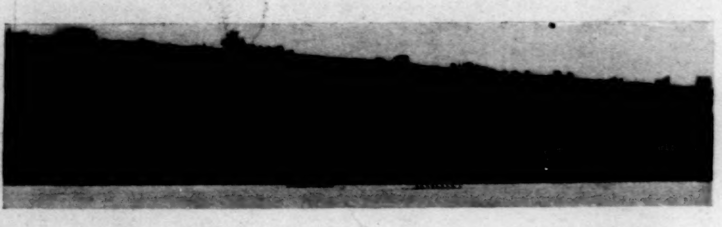
The Yale crew was the usual good one that is certain to be turned out from New Haven. I saw nothing to indicate the "remarkable" which has been claimed for it. I had not seen either of the crews until they left their floats to pull to the start. My mind, therefore, was in a receptive condition, without the predilections which watching a crew at practice is apt to form. There was the same beautiful blade-work Yale always exhibits, the same strong quick grip of the water on the catch and the power put on instantly, the same drive with the legs, and easy, lightning recover. Three innovations I noticed—a longer stroke than last year; a greater disregard of the body-work than I had before seen in a Yale crew; slightly bent arms on the catch. The Harvard crew impressed me as the most finished I have seen in a crimson shell. The blade-work, while much inferior to Yale's, was a great improvement over anything Harvard has done in recent years; the body-work superior to Yale's. But body-work without the leg drive is ineffectual in a four-mile pull, and Harvard, as usual, was weak in this, one of the essentials of eight-oared rowing.

HARVARD MEN CANNOT PLACE the blame for this defeat on the heads of their crew. There was no break this year between stroke and seven, no going to pieces, no more splashing than in the Yale boat, and very little in either. The shell, as a matter of fact, seemed to travel on a more even keel, though this is not saying Yale's shell was noticeably unsteady; there was little fault to find with either. The Harvard men pulled the stroke as it had been taught them, and rowed the race as they had been instructed. They finished strong, and at a faster pace than they started, which no Harvard crew, in my remembrance, has done heretofore. The race from beginning to end was a contest between the Harvard stroke and the Yale stroke, and the latter, with a much less number to the minute, demonstrated its irrefutable superiority. A Harvard crew coached in the stroke of this year will never win from a Yale crew coached in their present stroke; that is, of course, assuming the initial material to be more or less on a par.

In other words, Harvard can never win from Yale until they lengthen their stroke, and, above all, improve their leg-work. Throughout the entire four miles of the race last Friday I kept my glasses moving from the blades and the legs of one crew to those of the other. It was a study that revealed to me, as it would to any stu-

Harvard.
Referee Boat.
Yale.

LAST SPURT TO THE FINISH—YALE LEADING ABOUT TEN LENGTHS.



AT THE MILE—YALE LEADING, OBSERVATION TRAIN FOLLOWING.

dent of rowing, why Harvard, pulling thirty-eight strokes to the minute, was being left steadily behind by Yale rowing thirty-five. The Harvard blades went into the water like a series of long-handled scoops; they dabbed at the water as though each man's idea was to throw a bladeful behind him, and the leg-work was neither timely nor strong. The Yale blades sank into the water, gripping it instantly, and, accompanied by a strong drive with the legs, were pulled through with a power that sent the shell ahead swiftly, and with no checks between strokes. The Harvard boat went along with a lesser check between strokes than is usually the case. They rowed in good Harvard form, but pulled a losing stroke.

IT IS NO INFORMATION TO OARSMEN to be told that a short stroke and weak leg-work must lose, all other things being equal, to a longer stroke and strong leg-work.

I make no pretence of exploiting a new truth in rowing. Every man who has ever pulled an oar is quite as familiar with this axiom as am I. It is ancient history, and for that reason the more remarkable that Harvard has persistently disregarded it.

For years Harvard has been struggling to attain a definite rowing policy; season after season has found them dissatisfied with the various strokes and the coaches that have labored with their crews. Last winter the first sensible step in rowing was taken by agreeing to have one coach, and to follow his instructions for three years. This settlement upon a definite policy showed that Harvard had at length become alive to the instability of her previous rowing methods. In the choice of Mr. Watson, Harvard put her rowing in the hands of one of the ablest of her old oarsmen, and that the confidence was not misplaced the handling of this year's crew by Mr. Watson has thoroughly demonstrated. If ever a coach labored under difficulties Mr. Watson certainly has this year. Sickness and one cause or another led to disappointment after disappointment, and that his crew should, after all, have rowed in such good form is highly creditable to himself and to the men in the boat. Mr. Watson coached the crew in the best Harvard form, and the men rowed throughout the four miles in that form. That Harvard form is not winning form every Harvard man, including Mr. Watson himself, must be convinced after Friday's race. There is now but one thing for Harvard to do, and if Mr. Watson is the discerning coach I take him to be, he will forsake Harvard rowing traditions, which have been shattered utterly, and found a new school after the one which Yale has so successfully followed for the last dozen years.

Official time of the race:

	YALE.		HARVARD.	
	Time.	Stroke.	Time.	Stroke.
Half-mile	2.40½	38	2.49	40
Mile	5.04	36	5.20	38
Mile and a half	7.40	34	8.00	38
Two miles	10.21	32	10.39	39
Two and a half miles	12.55	32	13.22	34
Three miles	15.59	32	16.21	36
Three and a half miles	18.58	34	19.20	34
Four miles	21.30	34	22.05	36

OF THE RACE ITSELF there is little to be said. Contrary to their custom of the last few years, Harvard did not make the usual dash at the start for the lead. Yale did, however, and went to the front with a good lead almost in the first twenty strokes, which they continued to increase up to the two-mile flag, where Harvard began to close up the gap a bit. Harvard made another attempt to catch the Yale boat at the three-mile flag, and succeeded in gaining a few seconds, which they held to the three-and-a-half-mile flag. Thereafter Yale continued to pull away steadily, notwithstanding Harvard's desperate spurt toward the finish. An occasional break between four and five in the Harvard boat was about the only fault to be seen in either crew. The winning time of 21.30 was not fast, considering the conditions.

WITH THIS YEAR THE ROWING AGREEMENT between Harvard and Yale comes to an end. In view of the strained relations between the two universities, speculation is rife as to the probability of the two meeting next year on the water. I must confess my faith in the sportsmanship of the two to have been badly shaken by the boyish wrangles of the last six months, but I have confidence enough left in two or three graduate advisers of the universities to believe they will not permit a breach in the athletic relations of the universities. A quarter of a century has marked the games between these rivals, and it would be pitiable indeed were they now to be discontinued. As the defeated university, it is Harvard's place to make overtures to Yale for future rowing. It is certain the two universities will either meet in all sports or in no one. Let the dead past bury its dead, and let us see if we cannot enter upon an era of sportsmanship such as has not yet marked inter-university athletic relations.

RECORD OF HARVARD-YALE BOAT-RACES UP TO DATE.

Date.	Place.	Oars.	Miles.	Winner.	Time. M. S.
1852.	Winnipiseogee.	6	3	Harvard.	....
1855.	Springfield, Mass.	6	3	Harvard.	22.00
1859.	Worcester, "	6	3	Harvard.	19.18
1860.	" "	6	3	Harvard.	18.50
1864, July 30.	" "	6	3	Yale.	19.01
1865, " 28.	" "	6	3	Yale.	*
1866, " 27.	" "	6	3	Harvard.	18.43½
1867, " 19.	" "	6	3	Harvard.	18.12½
1868, " 24.	" "	6	3	Harvard.	17.48½
1869, " 23.	" "	6	3	Harvard.	18.02
1870, " 23.	" "	6	3	Harvard.	†20.30
1876, June 30.	Springfield, "	8	4	Yale.	22.02
1877, " 30.	" "	8	4	Harvard.	24.30
1878, " 28.	New London, Ct.	8	4	Harvard.	20 44½
1879, " 27.	" " "	8	4	Harvard.	22.14
1880, July 1.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	24.27
1881, " 1.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	22.13
1882, June 30.	" " "	8	4	Harvard.	20.47½
1883, " 28.	" " "	8	4	Harvard.	25.46½
1884, " 26.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	20.31
1885, " 26.	" " "	8	4	Harvard.	25.15½
1886, July 2.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	20.41½
1887, " 1.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	22.56
1888, June 29.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	20.10
1889, " 29.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	21.30
1890, " 27.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	21.29
1891, " 26.	" " "	8	4	Harvard.	21.23
1892, July 1.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	20.48
1893. June 30.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	25.01½
1894, " 28.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	23.47
1895, " 28.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	21.30

* Time of this race disputed.
† Race given to Harvard on a claim of foul, Yale's time being 18 m. 45 sec.

COMMENT ON THE TRIANGULAR FRESHMAN RACE at New London may be made, so far as Harvard and Yale are concerned, in the same vein as that touching the 'varsity race. Harvard made (for her) a Freshman record so far as form and the closeness of finish are concerned. It was another contest between the two strokes, and, if anything, the Yale Freshmen made the more remarkable exhibition, as they were rather a lightish crew, and could not have felt very much encouraged over the outcome of the race, judging from the hot shot that had been poured into them by the coaches. Besides which they rallied gallantly after nearly going to pieces. Harvard rowed a plucky race, and finished within a length and a third of the winners. Columbia, although taking the lead at the start, very soon fell behind, and seemed to have the less effective stroke of any of their recent crews at New London. They gradually fell behind, until at the half-mile flag bow broke the pin of his rowlock, and the crew was thereafter out of the race.

Time: Yale, 10.28; Harvard, 10.33; Columbia, 11.18½.

THE GREATEST TENNIS WEEK this country has ever had has just been finished at West Newton, Massachusetts, under the auspices of the Neighborhood Club. Pim and Mahoney, the former the English singles champion, and the latter ranking third or fourth among England's cracks, have been meeting the leading players of the United States.

The Department's space is so absorbed by illustrating the several important events of the week that tennis comment must be reserved until next issue.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE RACE WAS, on the whole, a success, and there is no question that the course proved to be all that was asked of it.

There was an error, however, which nearly lost the race a second time—indeed, which would have lost the race if it had not been for the vigorous action of Mr. Perkins, the referee, in starting the boats without anchored dories to hold them in line.

The committee could hardly be held directly responsible for what followed, except as they were responsible for the men they stationed in the three anchor-boats. These distinguished sportsmen no sooner saw rain falling than they pulled up the anchors which had been so carefully laid, and hurried in under the shore. When the weather cleared away and the rain stopped, they returned and tried to get into the same anchor-line again, with the result that over an hour and a half was lost, and the race not only very nearly lost altogether, but was finally rowed after sundown in the dark, and when a good sea was fast rising with the night breeze. It was not through any lack of endeavor on the part of these three citizens that the race was finally rowed. They did the best they could to kill the Poughkeepsie boat-race of 1895.

COLUMBIA TOOK THE LEAD very soon, and was not behind throughout the course; but, nevertheless, the race might have been any one's for nearly two miles. Columbia, however, had the nerve of the three crews, and, new men as her eight oarsmen were, they pulled their hearts out stroke after stroke in a way that was gratifying to see. No. 6, Carter, forgot his form long before he had gone four miles. Captain Prentice sometimes went way back, sometimes sat upright; but neither of these men nor any of the others let up for the four miles, and the pluck and vigor with which they pounded their shell along stroke after stroke, keeping her on her keel, not letting her sag, was a fine exhibition of game sport that would be hard to equal. They did not have the form of the Cornell men by a good deal. But that was natural, as a forty-five to forty-nine stroke makes form easier and more possible in a race than the long thirty-six stroke. Even acknowledging this, however, Cornell's boat was managed in far better form than Columbia's, and the latter won in spite of their bad form rather than because of it. Cornell lost for two reasons—first, because her quick stroke requires absolutely smooth water, which was wanting on Monday, and second, because the Columbia crew were bigger and stronger men, who, new to 'varsity races though they were, proved to be game to the finish, and heavy and strong enough to win, and with given conditions by means of a stroke that has proved all Mr. Peet, the coach, could ask for his side of the question.

Cornell, on the other hand, proved pretty conclusively, so far as such things can be proved, that a forty-eight stroke is not a four-mile stroke. If they had rowed thirty six and eight with the form they have acquired, no crew at Poughkeepsie could have kept up with them. They did not ship much water, as has been generally reported, and, in fact, both Columbia and Cornell came to the finish comparatively dry. They rowed cleanly, in beautiful form and time, a creditable race where their stroke was proved to be insufficient for the conditions. Pennsylvania, on the other hand, were fearfully handicapped by their boat. The boat was not able to carry them, not because it had had a hole or two punched in it—though the strain of Friday may have weakened the backbone of her a little—but because Mr. Woodruff put a heavy crew in a boat that was not capable of holding them up. The crew while they rowed did well, and showed strength and a long effective stroke, but the moment she began to take in water she was handicapped. It was no fault of the crew, but of the judgment which built such a boat for them. The men themselves showed a good bit of game on their part that was not surpassed by anything in the race. At the two miles it was evident that their shell was filling. Still they rowed on. At the two miles and a half every man in the boat knew it was only a question of moments when he might have to swim. Still they all rowed in good time and good form. At the bridge, the three-mile mark, the rudder and entire stern were out of sight, and the lower braces of the outriggers were all sending up little spurts of drag-water. Still the crew rowed on in good form. In another moment the cockswain was partly under water, and the entire after-part of the boat was out of sight, and yet every man kept his place and kept on rowing, and no one stopped until he absolutely could not get the blade of his oar out of water. Even then the crew and cockswain sat at attention, with eyes in the boat, as the boat slowly sank out of sight and the water began to creep up to their waists. Then the launch came alongside and took them out, one by one. It was an exhibition of good discipline, and as such redounds to the men's credit. But putting them into such a boat lost them what chance they might have had.

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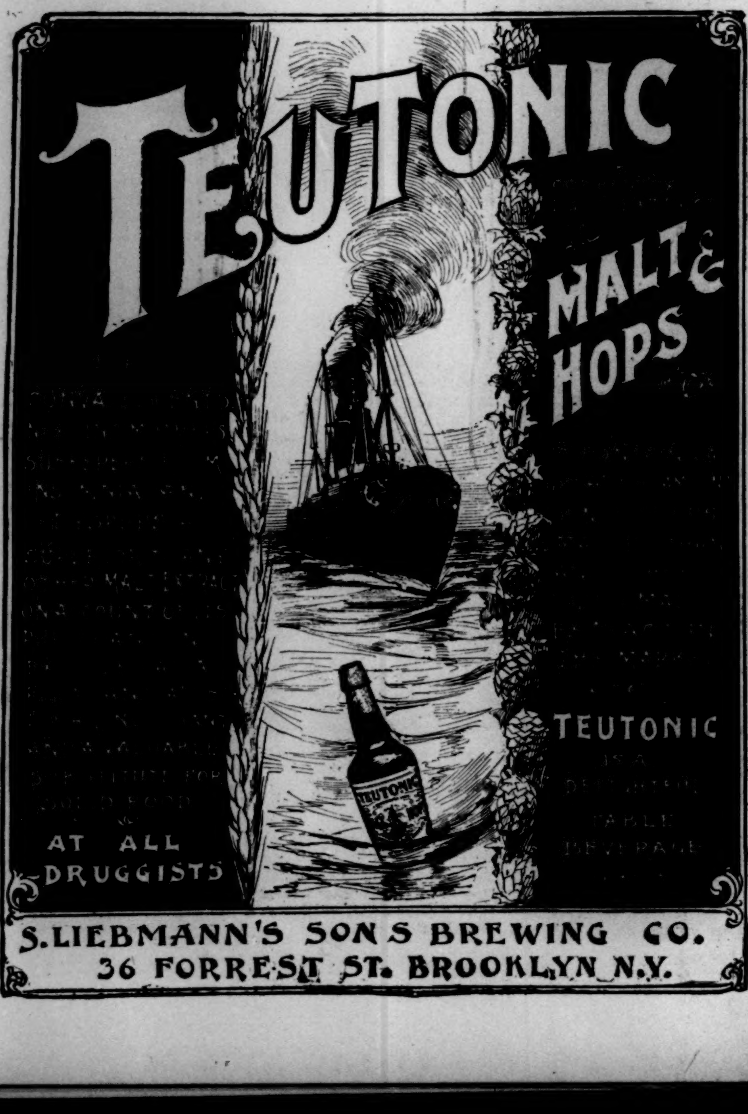

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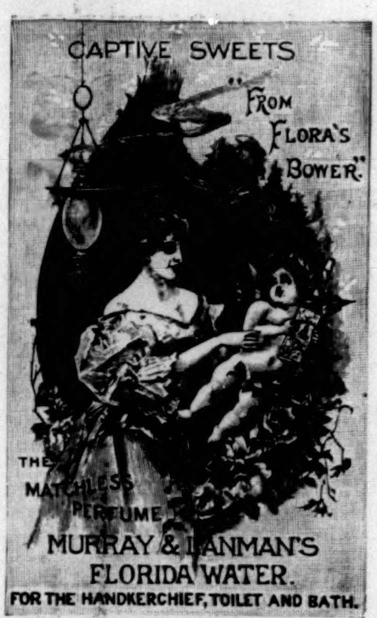
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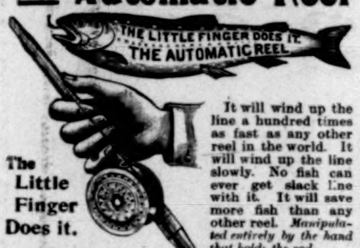
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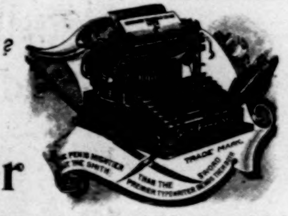

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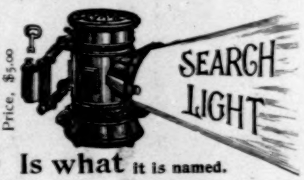

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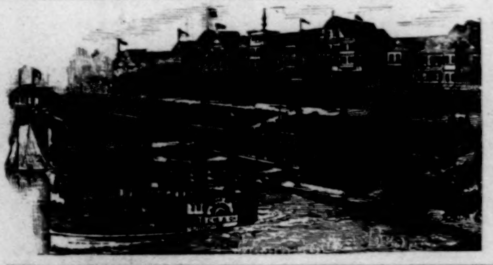

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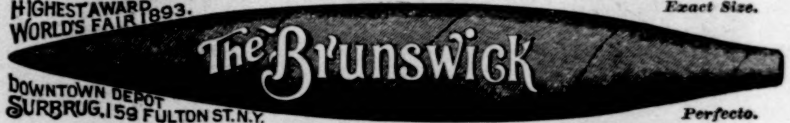

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